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MULDOON'S BASE BALL CLUB IN BOSTON



By Tom Teaser

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Muldoon's Base Ball Club in Boston.

By TOM TEASER,

Author of "Muldoon's Base Ball Club," "The Aldermen Sweeneys of New York," "Next Door; or, The Irish Twins," "Senator Muldoon," "Muldoon Out West," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

TERRENCE MULDOON, captain of the Muldoon Base Ball Club, his son Roger, and his wife Bedalia, sat in their private car, Champion, waiting for the train to start.

They were going to Boston, where Muldoon and his team had arranged to play a series of ball games with the local nines of the city of culchaw.

Muldoon was a great man in the City of New York, and expected to make as big an impression in the city which boasted of Sullivan, Mike Kelly, Emerson and Longfellow as being among its inhabitants.

The Muldoon Base Ball Club had started off well in New York, and was now traveling, it being the avowed intention of its founder to wipe the dust of the Boston ball grounds with the clubs of the modern Athens.

As I said before, the Muldoons were sitting in their own private car, awaiting the time for starting on their journey to Boston.

Young Roger Muldoon was a joker, and many were the pranks that he played upon his susceptible dad, the honorable Terrence.

He had one on tap at this particular moment.

The train had just started when there came into the car a big man with a light overcoat, a silk hat, a huge diamond stud, yellow kid gloves and a tiny silk umbrella.

He walked into the general sitting-room, chucked his grip on the floor, took a seat by the window, and proceeded to enjoy himself.

While they were going through the tunnel Muldoon said nothing, but when they reached the open country he stepped up to the big man and remarked:

"Yez may not be aware av it, sor, but this is me own private car, intinded for the use av me own family exclusively."

"Well, it does yer proud, ye old cynocephalus," returned the other. "If yer haven't got good taste yerself, somebody's got it for yer, and I must say the thing looks foine."

"Yis, I am very much pleased wid it meself," returned Muldoon, "but that's not the p'int in dispute. The car is me own private property for the prisint, and is intinded for me own use."

"Well, yer got a soft thing of it, old Monkey-face. I s'pose yer don't care to ride in the cage with the rest of the animals."

"Widout payin' anny attention to phwat yez may be pleased to call your facetious remarks concerning me physiognomy," said Muldoon, politely, "I wud beg leave to inform yez that this car is mine, and no outsiders can ride in it."

"What's der reason dey can't? Ain't I ridin' in it. Of course I can ride."

"Oho, me grammarian, yez come from Boston, do yez, wid yer May, can and musts? I do not question yer ability to ride in the car, but deny that yez have the privilege. Yez can ride, av course, but yez may not; indeed, I will put it more forciby, me very learned and most idiomatic friend, and say that yez must not, be heavens. Are there any flies on the grammatical construction av that?"

"Dat's all very well," said the other, lighting a cigar after striking a match on Muldoon's diamond stud; but I'm going to Boston, and I'm going in this car. See?"

"Be heavens, then, ye're not," returned Muldoon, beginning to make hostile demonstrations.

"What's der reason I'm not, Irish? My name is Sullivan. What's yours?"

Muldoon nearly fainted.

The man's name was Sullivan, was it?

There was only one Sullivan and slugging was his profit, in Muldoon's opinion.

Of course this was the great, the only John L. of pugilistic fame.

Muldoon's manner underwent an instantaneous change.

His face was wreathed in smiles, and his Galway sluggers fairly twinkled.

"I'm pleased to meet yez, sor," he said. "Please to pardon the apparent rudeness av me forst remark, Mr. Sullivan. Make yerself comfortable. Is there annything that yez want?"

It was just as well to be agreeable to the great pugilist.

Muldoon did not care to feel the weight of his fist.

Traveling by rail was fast enough for him.

He did not care to travel through space impelled by such a blow as Sullivan could give.

If he got the great man's mad up, he was sure to get hit.

Consequently he must be upon his good behavior.

"Wud yez name yer particular disinfectant, Mr. Sullivan?" he asked. "We have iverything an the car that yez can wish."

"Well, I'll take whisk."

Muldoon touched an electric button, and Whiskers, his colored butler, made his appearance.

The man's name was not Whiskers, but he was called that for convenience.

"Bring the gintleman a decanter av the ould shtuff, Whiskers, and some ice wather," said Muldoon.

"You ain't such a bad feller, Muldoon," said Mr. Sullivan, planting his big feet on a plush cushion, "but yer'll never be killed for yer good looks."

Muldoon laughed.

He thought he had to.

It wouldn't do to get mad.

That meant getting knocked out.

"Very good," he remarked. "Yez have a very purty wit, Mистер Sullivan."

"Bet yer life I have. Here's looking at yer, Muldoon. Hope it won't make me sick."

Once more Muldoon laughed, and for the same reason as before.

"Have another wan," he remarked. "Will yez come into the shmoking compartment and have a cigar wid me?"

"This is good enough fer me, Mul," replied Mr. Sullivan. "Trot out yer stinkers."

The honored guest was making himself at home for a fact.

Muldoon couldn't kick, however.

Whiskers brought a box of cigars at Muldoon's request.

Mr. Sullivan took a handful of them.

There was nothing mean about him,

Muldoon would not have said anything if he had taken a whole box.

He was in terror of the big fists of the noted pugilist.

Mr. Sullivan lighted a cigar, puffed away for a few moments, and then said:

"Pretty good cigars for a gorilla to smoke, Mul, old sheroot. What do you pay for 'em, a dollar a thousand?"

Muldoon did not want to laugh, but he did, all the same.

In fact he did not think it safe not to.

Then Mr. Sullivan blew smoke in his face, spat on his boots, called him a gorilla several times and asked:

"What are yer going to Boston for, anyhow, Irish? They kill all greenhorns there."

"Oh, jist for fun," said Muldoon, with a sickly smile.

If he had only dared to tell the fellow what he thought of him?

However, to talk back to the great Sullivan meant a job for the undertaker.

"Them cigars o' yours make me sick," muttered the mighty one, throwing the end of the one he was smoking on the carpet. "They'll do to give away, though."

Wouldn't Muldoon have liked to say something?

You bet!

"Av ye're tired av shmoking, maybe ye'd like something to ate?" he remarked.

"Don't mind if I do," returned the other, "if yer fetch it in here. If I've got to look at that old gal in the next room it'll make me sick."

This was too much for Muldoon.

He wouldn't hear a word against his wife.

To hear her spoken of disrespectfully made him mad.

"That's me wife ye're speaking av," he said.

"Well, that's not my fault. Sorry yer didn' have more taste. Fetch yer grub in here and see me paralyze it."

Whiskers was ordered to set a table for Mr. Sullivan.

"We'll have lunch in here, Whiskers," said Muldoon. "The ladies are not hungry."

"Good thing they ain't," said the slugger, "for I am."

A nice little lunch of cold chicken, tongue, lobster salad, beef and ham sandwiches, olives and pickles was placed on the table, and Mr. Sullivan was told to help himself.

He did for a fact, and gave Muldoon no chance to do the same.

Roger was taking in the scene from a seat by the window, and seemed to enjoy it more than the scenery outside.

As for Muldoon he was boiling over.

Nobody but the great Sullivan could have acted like that in his presence.

The latter smoked, drank, ate and did everything else for his own enjoyment seemingly, and without any reference to any one else.

Finally when Bridgeport was reached he got up, put on his hat and said:

"Well, you old gorilla, this is my station. I've gotter get off. Hope you'll have a good time in Boston."

"Aren't ye in a hurry to go, Mr. Sullivan?" asked Muldoon.

"Not at all. I live here."

By this time Mr. Sullivan was on the platform.

"Ye live here!" gasped Muldoon.

"Certainly."

"I tho't yez lived in Boston."

"Never."

"Sure, they call yez the Boston Boy anyhow."

"No, sir."

Mr. Sullivan was now on the station platform.

A glimmer of light came into Muldoon's brain.

"Arn't ye Sullivan the prize-fighter?" he asked.

"No; only Sullivan the livery man. There's my card."

Toot-toot!

Ding-dong!

Choo, choo, choo!

The train was moving.

Muldoon still had time to express a little of what he felt.

"Be heavens, ye're a sucker, that's phwat yez are!" he muttered, shaking his fist. "Yez have imposed on me, but av I had known yez warn't the other Sullivan I'd have par'lyzed ye meself twenty times."

Then Muldoon returned to the sitting-room and gazed around.

"Not Sullivan the prize-fighter and med all this muss!" he muttered. "Called me prime cigars ould stinkers and pit his feet on the cushions. Oh, av I'd only known!"

Roger might have told him long before.

Roger did not, however.

He was giving nothing away.

That was a habit of his when working snaps on his dad.

He had met the livery stable man in New York that very morning, and had made up his mind to guy his father as soon as he saw the general resemblance between the fellow and the pugilist.

The two had worked up the snap between them.

You have seen how well it succeeded.

Muldoon walked into the smoking-room where Roger was enjoying a cigar.

He looked as innocent as a cow in a clover field.

"Well, he's gon', thank Heaven," said Muldoon.

"Who has?"

"Sullivan."

"The prize fighter?"

"No. He wor none, but av I had known it, he'd have wished he wor that he might defin'd himself. He played me for a sucker, be heavens, and I didn't dar' open me head, thinking he war the famous pugilist."

Roger never let on, and Muldoon never suspected.

He went into his wife's room to explain matters, and Roger remarked to himself:

"That's one for a starter. I'll do better than that when we get to Boston."

CHAPTER II.

On the very day of Muldoon's arrival in Boston he found the following challenge awaiting him:

"The Back Bay Howlers will do up the Muldoons on any day they like. Please reply. WARREN, Captain."

"They will, will they?" observed Muldoon. "Sure, I think not."

"Have you got an open date, pop?" asked Roger.

"Plinty av thim. I play the Boston League's wan day and the Brotherhood the nixt, and thin I parilyze the Harvards, but I can accommodate the Howlers to-morry."

"Do you know where they play?"

"I do not."

"Or who they are?"

"No."

"They may be coons, dad?"

"Then I'll not play thim."

"You'd better find out first, pop; or you may get sold."

In the evening a tough looking specimen called at the hotel and asked for Muldoon.

"That's me," said our hero.

"The base ball man?"

"Yis."

"I'm Cap'n o' the Back Bay Howlers. Will you play us?"

"I will."

"To-morrer?"

"Yis."

"It's a go."

"Are yez all white?"

"Of course. We mean business and will treat you square."

"I mean that yez are not nagurs?"

"Suttingly not."

"Nor Injuns?"

"Ah, go on."

"Thin I'll play yez."

"And we'll do you up."

"So you said, but I'll wait till this time to-morry till I say whither yez can or not."

"Oh, we'll do it, sure pop."

"Who's in yer nine?"

"All Boston fellers, reg'lar old settlers, men of long standing."

"Well, I'll give them a chance to sit down."

Mr. Warren did not see the joke, and Muldoon had no map of it made.

"What do yer mean?" asked the captain of the Howlers.

"That yez'll spend the most av yer toime on the bench, be heavens."

"Oh, go on; we'll do you up."

"Yes, you will!" laughed Muldoon, but in a tone that implied that they would not.

Well, the evening was still young, and Roger had plenty of time to work a racket on his pop.

He was always ready and willing to do that, by the way.

Occasionally, however, it was not necessary, for Muldoon had a way of blundering into snaps of his own accord.

However, the young fellow was too tired to bother the old gent that night, and Muldoon himself went to bed so early that he did not get into trouble himself.

The match game between the Back Bay Howlers and the Muldoons was played the next day.

The Muldoons went to the bat first, the batting order of both clubs being as follows:

MULDOONS.

Hannigan, c.
Budweiser, c. f.
Muldoon, 1 b.
O'Dwyer, c. f.
Jones, ss.
Stein, 2 b.
Finnegan, r. f.
McGinness, 3 b.
Brady, p.

HOWLERS.

Lincoln, 1 b.
Elliott, 2 b.
Corey, 3 b.
Ruggles, r. f.
Rumford, l. f.
Warren, c.
Swope, ss.
Dighton, c. f.
Woffles, p.

The Muldoons had changed positions somewhat, Muldoon taking first, Budweiser going to left, and Hannigan catching for Brady, the famous twirler of the nine.

Little Ikey Stein, the child of Israel, covered as much of second as he could, and Dan Jones, the fellow with the perpetual cold in the head, was at short.

Muldoon calculated that he could cover any or all the positions, if necessary, and he never played in the same place in two successive games.

He was captain and he had the say as to where he was to go.

This time he played at first, because he thought that Pete Budweiser was too heavy for it.

Well, the Muldoons lost the toss and were sent to the bat first.

Hannigan, who was a substitute player, walked to the plate, picked out a long bat, spat on his hands, hit his toes and stood ready to do wonders.

Woffles, who was descended from Bunker Hill monument and was proud of it, was the ball-tosser on this occasion.

He did not twist himself all out of shape as some pitchers do.

He merely kicked the button on the top of his cap with his right foot, tied his right arm in a knot and let drive.

Whizz!

There was a flash, and then something struck the fence with a sound like a cannon ball on a tin roof.

Hannigan had made a breeze with his stick, and that was all.

The bean-eaters howled with ecstasy.

"One strike!"

Hannigan looked tired.

He took a firmer hold on his bat and looked dangerous.

Warren put on his bird-cage and boxing-glove and came up behind the bat.

Whizz!

Plunk!

The ball shot through the air like a streak.

Warren caught it with a sound like an iron safe falling on a coon's head.

Once more had Hannigan raised the wind.

"Two strikes!"

Again the Emersonians gave vent to their delirious joy.

Hannigan looked weary.

"Here's where yez hit it," cried Muldoon from the coaching line.

Woffles made a cabalistic sign to Warren by scratching his left ear with his right foot.

Warren tightened the band of his life-preserver and spread out his feet.

Hannigan spat on his bat for luck and smiled.

"Now, thin, Hanny; tear the cover aff it."

Whizz!

You could just see the ball and that was all.

Swish!

Hannigan made an awful swipe at it and turned clear around.

Punk!

The leather dropped into the Bunker Hiller's hands with a noise like the dropping of ripe cherries into a mud puddle.

"That man's out," remarked the abitrator of the game.

"Wan man out!" cried Muldoon. "Niver mind, Pete; show thim how we do things in New York."

The short, fat Dutchman waddled up to the plate and grabbed the bat as though it was greased and would slip away from him.

The great Woffles toyed with Budweiser as he had with Hannigan.

Three times did that magic ball skim through the air.

Thrice did Peter the Great essay to remove the leather binding therefrom.

Every time did the ball elude his attempts to knock it out.

On three successive occasions was that ominous sound heard behind the bat.

Whizz!

Swish!

Plunk!

That was the simple little story in three chapters.

"Batter's out!" was the concise remark of the umpire.

"Well, I take my oats once," muttered the Dutchman. "I didn't tort nobody couldn't do dot to me somedimes."

Two men out, and Muldoon at the bat.

Would he share the same fate as the rest?

The disciples of Longfellow on the grand stand thought that he would.

The adherents of Pat Gilmore on the bleacheries thought not.

As for Muldoon, he did not care.

"It's aisy enough to shstrike wan or two min out," he observed sagaciously, "but there's twinty-seven to go, and they won't all thtravel the same road, nor in succession, begob."

Woffles gathered himself up for his final effort.

Whizz!

Muldoon couldn't hit the ball.

It dropped into Warren's fist with a sound like two darkies kissing.

"One strike!"

"That's only wan," observed Muldoon.

When the second one came his way he made another whack at it.

Zipp!

There was a sound like a meat ax cleaving a bone.

Warren had once more collared the goat skin.

"Two strikes!"

The Beacon Hillers were delighted.

The East Boston contingent was enraptured.

The Back Bay residents just yelled.

Their darling was doing himself proud.

Two men struck out and another to come, and all in one inning.

The star of the Muldoons seemed about to set.

"Make it three, Woff!" sang out the crowd.

"Be heavens, then, he will not!" hissed Muldoon.

He looked wicked as he gripped the bat, and his whiskers struck fire as the wind went through them.

Woffles was very naturally elated.

He lost his head, however, and sent in a terrible hot one.

It whizzed clean over the plate.

Muldoon couldn't hit it.

Neither could Warren hold it.

With two men out the third ball must be held.

It was not.

It nearly dislocated Warren's thumb, and then shot up in the air.

Muldoon knew the rules like a book.

The way he shot down to first would have pleased John Ward.

He got there, too.

Warren recovered the ball and soaked it to Lincoln at first.
If he had been eight feet tall he might have jumped for and caught it.
He was only six, and he couldn't take it in.
It went over his head and away out into right field.
Dan Jones was coaching at third.

"Rud, Buldood, run; you aid't half ruddig! Bake your third! Lively dow, ad you'll ged there!"

Dan had a cold in his head, but he could yell all the same.
Muldoon was not letting the sunflowers grow under his feet, and they are fast growing plants.

He was just scooting down to second for all he knew.
He didn't have to slide to get there, either.
How the whitewash did fly when he planked his big brogans on the bag!

"Keep a runnin' Terry!" shrieked Mrs. Muldoon from her box.
"Hold your third, pop!" called out Roger.
It was nip and tuck to get to third, however.
Ruggles had secured the ball, and had planked it down to Elliott at second.

When he got it Muldoon was well on his way to the third bag.
Elliott sent it whizzing to Corey, who was ready to grab it.
"Slide, pop!" fairly howled Roger in his excitement.
Nobody else said a word.

It was like the silence on both banks of the river when Horatius dove into the Tiber in the brave days of old.

You might have heard a safe fall off the roof.
Well, Muldoon did slide for a fact.
Head-first, with outstretched hands, he dove for a good fifteen feet.
He raised a cloud of dust as big as if a troop of horses were coming down the road.

The umpire raced down to third to see how he was going to come out.

Plunk!
Plunk!
There were two sounds with a second or so between them.
One was Muldoon's hand hitting the bag.
The other was the ball landing in Corey's hands.
Which got there first, Muldoon or the ball?
Muldoon?

You can bet your life!
"Safe!"
That's what the umpire said.
Then there was a yell from all points.
Nobody could help cheering such a brave effort.
"Yer done well, Muldoon—shoot me if yer didn't!" remarked Corey.

It wasn't real Bostonese, nor even Emersonian, but it was from the heart.

"Be heavens," said Muldoon, shaking the dust from the shamrock on his breast, "yer language is not at all iligant or accordin' to the rules av grammar, me friend, but yez mean it, and that's all I care about."

All hands yelled again, and Muldoon smiled to the crowd, to the players, and to his wife and Roger in the grand stand.

"You got there, pop!" said Roger; "and now get home!"
O'Dwyer was the next man to the bat.

He was given his base on balls, for Woffles was afraid of Muldoon.
Then came Dan Jones with the cold in his head.
He was a little fellow, and the great Woffles thought he could rattle him.

Nixey rattle for Dadl Jodes.
Woff sent in an easy one that he thought Dan was going to miss.
That is where he missed it himself.
Whang!

Dan sent the ball clear to the left field fence.
In trotted Muldoon as proud as a peacock, while O'Dwyer went racing around to third.

Jones got to second, for the ball was well fielded, and that was all he could get.

The bow-legged Israelite next stepped up, popped a dandy little fly to Elliott and sat down.

Then the Muldoon gang went out to hunt leather, and the Howlers took their turn at the bat.

It did not do them any good, however.

Muldoon covered first like a hero, and caught out the first fellow as neat as wax.

Joe Brady then put on his pitching clothes and struck out the scion of the Elliotts.

Corey then knocked up a fly, which Dan Jones got under, and Corey was laded out.

That made it one to nix on the first inning.
It stood that way for five successive innings.

The wily Woffles wasn't presenting goose eggs to as many men as at first.

Occasionally a man got to first or second, and Muldoon once reached third, only to perish there.

In the seventh the Howlers got in a run, and the bean jugglers rejoiced.

"We'll do you up yet, Mull," said Warren.
Nobody walked away with a run after that until the ninth.

Then the solid man himself banged the ball for a homer, when two men were out, and after that O'Dwyer fell into the kettle on a short fly to Ruggles.

Maybe there wasn't any excitement when the Howlers came up.
It was one to tie and two to win.

Joe Brady pitched his dandiest, but somehow or other the Back Bay beauties seemed to get onto him.

Three fellows made safe hits for a base apiece.
That filled the bags and no one had gone back to warm the bench.

Then Captain Warren stepped up with a grin on his classic mug.
"Here's where we do you up, Muldoon," he remarked.

He was too beforehand with his prognostications.
Nobody expected to see what they did see.

Muldoon gave Brady a wink which he understood.
He put in an easy one which Swope swiped.

It was nipped by Joseph and sent to Muldoon.
The solid man was there, and the ball beat Swope by ten feet.

Then it went down to Ikey Stein at second, and although Warren tried to slide under Ikey's bow-legs, it was no use.

"Home wid it!" yelled Muldoon.
Ikey could not have been quicker if he had been trying to sell a suit of clothes the first thing on Monday morning.

He got the ball in to Hannigan who jumped on the plate with it in his hands a second ahead of the man from third.

It was a triple play and a daisy.
Score: 2 to 1, Muldoons ahead.

"I think yez said yez wor goin' to do us up," observed Muldoon.
"Yez didn't mean to-day, did yez?"

The illustrious Warren had nothing to say.
That game was his Bunker Hill and he fell—in the soup.

As for the Muldoons, they were ready to paint all Boston green that night.

CHAPTER III.

THE defeat administered to the Back Bay Howlers by the Muldoons made the latter organization feel tip-top.

It was the first game they had played in Boston and they were glad to win it.

They felt more sure of their ground after that.
Well, they went out to Cambridge, of which Boston is a suburb, you know, in the collegiate eyes, and knocked spots out of the Harvards.

After that they tackled the League team of Boston.
Muldoon would tackle anything.

His boys were not snowed under, although they were beaten.
Just previous to this time Roger put up another job on Muldoon.

One morning, when Muldoon expected to have an off day, a pleasant looking gentleman called upon him and said:

"I represent the base-ball interest in this city to —"

"Ah, yis, Mr. Conant, I presume?" said Muldoon.

"No, I am not."

"Thin maybe yez are wan av the other two that run the Bostons?"

"No, I represent a team of amateurs—the Orientals—a team that has never been beaten by a team of their class."

"Well?" said Muldoon.
It wasn't a very long speech.
It meant much, however.

You could construe it to mean anything or nothing, just as you chose.

"I would like to play a game with your team."

"Play the Muldoons agin the Orientals?"

"Yes."

"Have they any record?"

"I tell you they have never been beaten by any similar nine."

That remark might also mean a good deal or nothing.

It meant more than Muldoon imagined.

"Well, I'm willin' to play yez av yez can dhraw a good crowd."

"Don't you be afraid of that. We always draw crowds."

"When wud yez want to play?"

"This afternoon."

"Where is it?"

"Out South Boston way."

"Well, I'll go yez."

Muldoon told his men about the game, and they were all anxious to play it.

In fact, they expected a walk over and big money.

Roger chuckled in his sleeve, but said nothing.

He told his mother, however, that he did not think she would care to see the game.

Consequently she did not go.

Roger went, all the same.

He would not have missed it for half a dollar.

Well, the Muldoons got into their uniforms and went to practicing.

The Orientals had not shown up when it was nearly time to begin.

And still Muldoon did not tremble.

"Maybe they're a-scared to come," he remarked.

Four o'clock came and then the Orientals appeared.

Muldoon was practicing catching with Joe Brady at the time.

When the other nine appeared he got so rattled that he muffed a ball and caught it in the neck.

Just imagine his disgust.

The Orientals were all Chinamen.

There couldn't be any doubt of it.

They were yellow-skinned, wore pig-tails, baggy breeches, blouses and thick felt shoes.

Moreover, they chattered like a whole congregation of monkeys.

Muldoon was mad.

Too mad to speak for several moments, in fact.

"It's a dom skin!" he cried, at length. "I'll not play wid Chinayzers, be heavens."

"That's worse than playing with a dide of diggers," said Dan Jones.

Muldoon had been roped into playing with a lot of coons in New York, and he had not forgotten it by any means.

"Worse than playing wid nagurs!" he sputtered. "Well, I should say so. And they call it the great national game, be heavens!"

One of the Chinamen, in a yellow blouse and green breeches, waddled up to Muldoon, and said:

"You leady play ball? Me cap'n, me gottee bully good nine."

"Go an, ye h'atken," said Muldoon. "I'll not disgrace mesilf be playing wid yez."

"You no play, den me gettee allee money, so be."

"Go an, an' take it, ye pig-tailed enigma!"

"All lite, you no play you sklin—no goodee! Bos'n bloy no playee widdee you."

"Be heavens, av Chinamen get to playing ball, the game is ruined!" cried Muldoon.

"Salaries 'll be cut down to nothing," said Brady.

"That iver I should live to see the day," sighed McGinniss.

"Don't you was been afraid to blay dem fellers, Muldoon," said Budweiser. "Dey couldn't run mit dem funny shoes und dem breeches."

"I dink dey got dose trousers von a misfit parlor," said Ikey Stein, who was interested in the clothing business in New York.

"Faix, they're all misfits," growled Muldoon.

"You play ballee, so be, you no play ballee, so be?" asked the Chinese captain. "You no play ballee, you sklin."

"Nobody called me a skin in all me life, be heavens," said Muldoon, getting mad. "It's yez phwat have skinned me, so yez have."

"Play theb, Buldood, go od," said Jones. "We cad ligk the stuffing out ob theb."

"Niver got baten be anny similar nine," muttered Muldoon, think-

ing of what the agent or manager had said. "No, I suppose not, yez wudn't foind two nines av Chinayzers bechune this and China, be heavens."

The crowds on the stands and benches were now clamoring wildly for the game to proceed.

"Play ball!"

"Go on, you old stuffs!"

"What are yer scared of?"

"Play ball!"

"Give us our money back!"

"You're no good, Muldoon!"

"Play ball!"

"Fine 'em, fine 'em!"

"Get out your watch, umpire!"

"Play ball!"

"We want to get home to supper."

"You can't play ball, you can't!"

"Get on to Belly Bowlegs!"

"Come out from behind that nose!"

"Play ball!"

"Go on, you tarriers!"

"It's a skin!"

"Fine 'em!"

"Play ball!"

The racket beat anything you ever heard of.

It was worse than ten boiler factories all going at once.

Every man and boy on the ground seemed to be yelling his very worst.

Muldoon was puzzled.

He did not want to send the crowd home, but he hated to play against Chinamen.

Finally, however, he decided to play.

"I'll play this time," he remarked, "but after this I'll not play any unknown club till I see their fortygraphs."

Well, Muldoon won the toss and concluded to go to the bat first.

"Faix, I'll parlyze them so bad that they won't want to play any more," he observed.

This time he played, short stop, Budweiser went to first, and Jones took right field.

The Chinamen played all over as the subjoined score card will show:

MULDOONS.

Budweiser, 1b.

McGinness, 3b.

Muldoon, s s.

Finnegan, l. f.

O'Dwyer, c. f.

Jones, r. f.

Stein, 2b.

Brady, p.

Hannigan, c.

ORIENTALS.

Ah Jim, 1b., c., p.

Wun Lung, 2b., s s., p.

Jin Sling, p., c., s s., r. f., 1b.

Poo Boy, 3b., s s., c. f., 2b.

Sing Hi, c. l. f., c. f.

Lo Sing, s. s., c., p.

Hoop La, r. f., 2b., s s.

Foo Lish, c. f., 1b.

No Gow, l. f., c., 2b.

That was not exactly the way it read, but it was the way it turned out in the end.

Pete Budweiser stepped up to the bat and was given three bad balls by Ah Jim, and no strikes against him.

Then Wun I ung went in to pitch right in the middle of the inning.

He got one strike on Pete, and then gave him his fourth ball.

After that Jin Sling pitched, and when sweet Willie McGinness with his tiny feet whacked the ball into Jin's stomach, and Ah Jim failed to catch it at first, there were more changes.

Lo Sing pitched and Sing Hi caught, when Muldoon came up smiling, while Ah Jim remained at first.

Lo caught Muldoon a crack in the back with the first ball he pitched, and then all the pigtails began to kick because the solid man wanted to take his base.

Ah Jim now went in to pitch. Foo Lish went to first, and the others played wherever it was most convenient.

Then Finnegan walked up, and although he had a crooked nose, he managed to see the ball so well that he sent it clean up into the sky over center field.

By rights, somebody ought to have caught that ball.

Everybody wanted it, and that was the trouble.

Half a dozen of them met in a lump.

Down they went like a house of cards, the ball rolling away.

The bases were cleared, and Finnegan got home before it was finally picked up.

Then Wun Lung pegged it at Dan Jones who was on the coaching line at third, and took him in the ribs.

"Hi-ya, you lout!" he yelled, gleefully.

"What you doing, you lulp ob opiub?" growled Dan. "You cad't pud a bad oud whed he hsd't beed to the bad."

"You gittee hittee, you lout," persisted Lung.

"Onee lout," chattered Sing Hi. "Battee up, play ballee."

Well, it was as funny as a circus.

Those heathens played all over the field and changed positions at will.

The batteries would be changed three or four times while one man was at the bat, and the other changes knocked a kaleidoscope silly in the variety of combinations they were capable of making.

Muldoon's men got sixteen runs in the first inning, and they nearly died of laughing besides.

Budweiser was at the bat three times, and the last time he ran so hard that he fell over Jim Sling and got tripped up, while Wun Lung grabbed the ball, jumped on first and put Peter out.

Well, then came the turn of the Orientals at the bat.

Muldoon played shortstop, but if he had known what was coming he would have played any thing else first.

Ah Jim took off his shirt, or blouse, or jacket or whatever else he called it, seized a short bat and waddled up to the plate with a smile that would have melted brass.

He was a jim dandy, he was.

Joe Brady, the lightning twirler, sent in one of his prettiest curve balls that split the plate right in two.

"One strike" called the umpire.

Then Ah Jim kicked.

"Me no stlikee," he warbled. "Me no movee battee, dlat a big sklin."

"Go on, ye bathins," said Muldoon, "There's wan strike an yez."

Then Joe twisted himself into a knot, as though he were doing a contortion act, and sunt in another one.

"Two strikee!"

"You go blaze, me no stlikee lilly bit," growled Ah Jim.

"Faix, thim Chinaysers don't know the forst thing about ball playing," remarked Muldoon.

The next ball that came along was caught on the end of Jim's bat and sent spinning.

He let the thing fly, took Hannigan in the bird cage and booked it for first.

He got there, and then Wun Lung came up with a smile as broad as Jim's.

He wasn't quite as bad a kicker, but he was bad enough.

Jim stole second, and then Wun began to yell before any one else had a chance.

"Him safee, me tellee you, no givee, you big skinnee."

"Shut up, yer moon-face, and go saw wood," cried Muldoon.

Then Wun got a crack at the ball, and rushed to first so furiously that Budweiser was clean upset.

"Me safee!" he chirped. "Why you no lun, Jim, lun, lun."

"Close that tay-chist av a mouth av yours, Yaller," said Muldoon.

He was rapidly getting himself disliked, by the way.

Those Chinamen had it in for him if he had only known it.

Jim Sling was the next man to face the terrible Joseph.

He was up to snuff, if he was only a heathen.

He managed to get himself hit, and waddled to first.

"The next wan that does that Joe, kill 'em," sang out the captain.

The next man was Poo Boy, although he thought himself a pretty good one.

The bases were full and a good hit would send in one man and perhaps all.

That celestial meant to do wonders.

He whacked at the very first ball he got.

He hit it, too, but it fell in the pot.

Muldoon caught it as nice as you please.

"Out, ye sucker!" he yelled.

That was the last load on the camel's back.

Those heathens had been piling up things against Muldoon for some time.

They had lost four runs, they had been insulted and Muldoon had put their man out.

That settled it.

They all went for Muldoon.

The three men on bases, the one at the bat and those on the bench made a bee line for him.

Before he knew what was up, he was down.

Ah Jim, Wun Lung, Foo Lish, No Gow, Jin Sling, and all the rest piled themselves on top of him.

Then there was a picnic.

They bit.

They scratched.

Likewise they pinched.

Between times they gouged.

Now and then they got a kick.

It was bully fun for them.

Muldoon had other notions.

He yelled for help with all his lungs.

It speedily came, and the Chinamen were bounced.

But what a looking sight poor Muldoon was!

His uniform was torn to threads.

His dexter eye was closed, and his sinister wanted to follow suit.

He looked as if he had been wrestling with a threshing machine.

And all for making a few sarcastic remarks.

The Chinamen dusted, and the crowd went with them.

"The game is ours," said Muldoon; "but av iver I play wid anny but white min agin yez can call me a chump."

"Dere was dot gate money, mein freund," said Ikey Stein. "So hellup me, we don't got left on dot."

Ikey had an eye to business every time.

However, there wasn't any gate money.

The crowd had been let in for nothing.

Not a penny had been taken in and so not a penny would be divided.

Muldoon learned all this when he came to investigate the matter.

It was all a huge joke.

The grounds belonged to a club of young fellows who were not using them that day and they had picked up the Chinamen from various laundries, given them a few, a very few lessons, and had them arranged to play a game.

Roger was in it, having made the acquaintance of the young fellows at the hotel.

He was in anything that promised fun and a snap on his father.

He had not intended that Muldoon should get it so rough, however.

At any rate, a bottle or so of arnica and a few plasters would fix him all right, and it was a good snap as it stood.

Muldoon rather tumbled to the fact that somebody had sold him.

"Some sucker med a fool av me, byes," he remarked, "but I'll find him out, and whin I do, he'll wish some other mule had kicked him instead av me, be heavens!"

CHAPTER IV.

MULDOON and his men had not been long in Boston before they became famous.

They had challenges from all over and from all sorts of clubs.

One day they received an offer to play from the Brookline Beauties, who were reputed to be tip top players.

"They must be a lot av dudes," said Muldoon. "It'll be a walk-over, so it will."

"They may be coons or Chinamen, pop," said Roger.

"Well, thin, I'll not play thim."

"Hadn't you better go out and see them practice before you take up the challenge, dad?"

"Faix, I think I will. I don't want to be sold again."

"You may be, though, whether you want to be or not," thought the young skylarker.

Well, Muldoon, with Budweiser, Sweet William McGinnis, Dan Jones Ikey Stein and Roger took a car out to Brookline and went in search of the ground occupied by the Beauties.

They wandered all over the suburb, and found nobody who appeared to know where it was.

"Faix, I don't believe there's anny such club," remarked McGinness, "and it's only a guy an us."

"They bust have a ground sobewhere, Buldood," said Dan Jones, "or they wooded sed a challedge."

They were at the further end of the town by this time, and Roger espied some youngsters sitting on top of a high fenre in the distance.

Occasionally a yell was heard, and once a ball was seen to go up in the air.

"That must be it, pop," declared the young fellow.

"Faix, we can but ask annyhow, me bye."

"Pst, Muldoon!" said Ikey.

"Well, phwat is it?"

"I vonder off dey vill allow us car-fare und de loss off our time in getting out here?"

"You're always thiggig of buddy, Steld," said Jones. "Dod't you dever get tired of it?"

"Tired of money?" warbled Ikey, waving his hands behind his ears. "Ach, Simon und Moses, yust hear de man!"

"He nefer was got enough to made himself tired mit kerrying it aroundt once," said Budweiser.

The gang presently reached the fence where the boys were roosting.

Roger was the spokesman, and said:

"Say, bub, what ball ground is this?"

The youth whom he addressed was a true Bostonian.

"Beg pardon?" he answered, inquiringly. "I was so engrossed with the scene transpiring within the inclosure as not to catch the drift of your remarks, although I was distantly aware that you had propounded some interrogation to me."

Roger nearly had a chill after that.

"Great guns! It's a talking-machine, and I thought it was a boy!" he exclaimed.

"Who are them ducks playing ball on the other side av the fence, Redney?" Muldoon asked of another youth not so learned.

"I donno who dey are, a lot o' fakirs, I guess."

"And who owns the grounds?"

"Ah, don't ye know?"

"Av I did I wud not have required the information off yez," said Muldoon, sternly.

"Why, it's de Twilights, de champanes o' Brookline."

"And are they playin' at prisent?"

"Naw."

There was no end of disgust expressed in that negation.

Roger now put his eye to a knothole and peeked in.

"Well, I never,!" he exclaimed.

"Ye niver what?" asked Muldoon.

"What sort of a nine do you suppose that is in there

"Chinaysers?"

"No."

"Coons?"

"Guess again."

"Zulus?"

"Nix."

"Hottentots?"

"Wrong."

"Injins, be heavens?"

"Try it over."

"Deaf and dumb min?"

"Call again, pop."

"Blind min?"

"Not this trip."

"Wan legged min?"

"Once more."

"Faix thin I give it up."

"They're not men at all, Governor."

"Byes?"

"Never."

"Thin I give it up."

"Stick your eye and ear to this knot hole, pop."

Muldoon did as requested.

It was just his luck.

Whack!

A ball struck the fence just above where his eye was at that precise moment.

Roger could not have arranged it better himself.

On this occasion Roger was innocent, however.

"Howly shmoke! I'm hit wid a cannon ball!" yelled Muldoon jumping back.

Meanwhile Budweiser, Ikey Stein, Dan Jones and McGinness had been looking for knot holes in the fence.

They each found one simultaneously.

Then they all had something to say.

"Mine gott, dot vas a vowman's club, ain't it?"

"Gooddness be, if they aid't wobed, sure's you're bord."

"Ach! vy vasn't I had a stock off bustles and corsets, mit me? I make a big sale, so hellup me."

"Howly poker, would yez look at the girruls playing ball."

"Py shimminies, dey ought to been ashamed off meinselluf once."

"Oh, Moses, let me get closer. Dot pitcher was a Chewess und she was a dandy. I vonder off dose are real diamonts?"

"Phwat's that yez say?" cried Muldoon. "A faymale base ball club."

"That's what it is, pop."

"Faix, that must be a curiosity. How do they howld their bats?"

"How do you expect?"

"Like brooms or rollin' pins, I'll bet a cint."

"Oh, they're very tart, pop."

"Let's go in and see thim. I've a curiosity to know whether——"

"Maybe they're the Beauties, pop."

"Be Heavens, thin I decline to play wid thim. I dhrav the line at faymale baseball players."

"Why so, pop?"

"Faix, we'll have faymale cops and sojers nixt."

"Well, why not?"

"Why not, is it?"

"Yes. Women would make good soldiers."

"Faix, I know pwhat yez are goin' to say."

"What is it?"

"That they are used to powdher and so ought to be good sojers."

"No I wasn't, pop."

"Thin ye wor goin' to say that they are accustomed to bare arms."

"No, I wasn't."

"Thin phwy wud they make good sojers?"

"Well, these particular girls would make good soldiers because you can never make them run."

"Ha! Thin they must be foine ball players."

By this time the party had reached the entrance to the grounds.

They walked in and gazed at the game from the grand stand.

It was called that for convenience, but there was nothing very grand about it.

It would accommodate fifty people if you packed them close.

Moreover, the roof let in the sunshine and the rain, like the little old log cabin in the lane.

The seats warbled likewise, and seemed inclined to break down.

Well, that was a dizzy lot of daisies playing ball.

Every one of them chewed gum as if on a wager.

They wore white suits with striped stockings, and looked like a ballet troupe, they were so homely.

The attitudes they got in would paralyze a jumping-jack.

Their remarks were very queer, too.

They all spoke in a high key, and all at once.

"I won't give that now, Sadie, and I think you're a mean thing."

"Guess I know how to play ball, you horrid girl."

"Is it my strike? Oh, dear, my shoe is untied."

"If you hit me with that club, I'll never speak to you again."

"It's your knock, you old gawk!"

"You call me a gawk, and I'll slap your face!"

"Oh, there's a lot of men!"

"What are those tarriers doing here, the mean things?"

"Get on to the Sheeney! Only just look at his nose!"

"But ain't the little feller great? Just look at him!"

"Ladies," said Muldoon, "wud yez please tell me the name av yer club?"

"Oh, the guy. Just think, Clara, he doesn't know us."

"Where did he come from, anyhow, Susie?"

"Oh, he got out of his cage in the public gardens."

"Oh, the old gorilla wants to know who we are."

Muldoon was catching it all around, and no mistake.

Then Roger opened his mouth, and asked:

"Young ladies, are you the Beauties, of Brookline?"

"Of course we are," yelled all those girls.

"Faix, thin, the name is a misfit," grunted Muldoon. "Sure, ye're all ugly enough to t'row the cars off the track."

The solid man was getting back on those girls for the way they had treated him.

"Oh, you nasty thing!" they all screamed.

"Get out, you loafer!" said the captain, who had red bangs and a big jaw. "You ain't any too good looking yourself."

"Well, yez don't get us to play ball wid yez all the same," returned Muldoon.

"You don't know how to play ball, you Mick."

"Maybe not, but av I did, yez couldn't hire me to play wid yees for a hundhred dollars a minyute. Come on, fellers."

Then the Muldoons left the grounds and the Beauties went on playing.

"Is this wan av yer jokes, Roger?" asked Muldoon, when they were outside.

"Not guilty, pop," chuckled Roger. "I had no idea who the Beauties were till I saw them."

When Muldoon got back to Boston he found another challenge awaiting him.

It was from the superintendent of a lunatic asylum, who offered to play a nine of the inmates of his institution against the Muldoons.

Muldoon scoffed at the idea.

"Play agin a lot av lunatics!" he exclaimed. "Indade I won't."

"Every tibe you put a bad oud," said Jones, "they would wadt to burder you."

"What's der matter mit dem lunatics?" asked Ikey. "We was got a pudden mit dem. Dey was always off deir base."

"Go on, ye seller av moth-eaten garments," snorted Muldoon. "Do yez think I wud play wid idjots?"

The invitation to play ball was declined without thanks.

That wasn't the only queer offers the Muldoons got.

The boss of a charity school wan't them to give the institution a benefit, pay for the advertising, pay the opposing team and give all the money to the school fund.

"That's phwat I call frozen, galvanized cheek," remarked Muldoon.

"Faix, that feller must have a face on him that would make a chopping block."

The next offer was from a dime museum on Washington street for the Muldoons to appear in full uniform sixteen times a day on the stage of the theatorium, with the privilege of selling their photographs as a remuneration.

"Begorry, av Boston is the cinther av cultivation," sneered Muldoon, "I'd sooner be the circumference."

"Take it up," whispered Ikey. "Dot was a shance to make more money und do nodding at all for it, so hellup me."

"Ah, go chase the mot's out av yer second-hand ulsters," retorted Muldoon.

"Just ibagide be od a dibe buseub stage sellig pigtures!" thickly enunciated Jones, whose cold seemed to have grown worse.

"For Heaven's sake, go blow yer nose," muttered Muldoon. "Yez give me a pain in the back wid yer dialect."

"I cad't hebb it, Buldood. The east widd has got idto by dose ad stobbed it up."

"Then let it sthop yer mouth up, as well, begorry, and give us a rest. The worse some men speak the more they want to, be heavens."

The next queer offer was from a nine of society dudes, who offered to play the Muldoons for a large monetary consideration, in order that the latter might obtain the entree to polite society during their stay in the Hub.

"Faix, that takes the cake," replied Muldoon, when told of the offer. "These fellers must think Boston is a place av importance."

"Oh, they do, Pop," said Roger.

"Faix thin, I've been all over the hull globe, and I niver was in the place till now, and the more I see of it the less I want to, begob. It's not a patch on New York."

"Don't say that here, dad, or you'll be condemned never to look upon the Common."

"Well, it's all common enough, and av I don't see annything betther nor this, I'll shake the crooked oud town to-morry."

"However, there was lots of sport and plenty of fun coming before the Muldoons left Boston."

CHAPTER V.

It was early in the evening, and Muldoon was enjoying himself after dinner.

Roger was strolling about on the watch for fun.

He soon foun. it.

Three seedy-looking fellows came into the hotel, and looked around as if searching for some one.

That's just what they were doing.

They wore dirty collars and bogus diamonds, spring bottom trousers and rusty patent leathers, and lots of rings.

For all that they looked seedy.

One of them walked up to the desk, and said:

"Say, is dere a man named Muldoon stoppin' here?"

"Yes," said Roger. "What do you want of him?"

"Well, he's got a date to fill down at de Hibernia Hall."

"Oh, he has, eh?"

"Yes, he has, he's gotter wrastle with Samsuma, de Japanee, dis evening."

Roger tumbled.

The men were looking for Muldoon, the wrestler and famous athlete.

Roger saw a chance for a good racket.

"You're sure he's got an engagement, are you?" he asked.

"Cert'nly he has, and de tickets are all sold and dere's a crowd waitin' down dere now, and we've been lookin' all over fur him."

"Then you don't know him when you see him?"

"No; but dere's only one Muldoon, ain't dere?"

"That's all," laughed Roger, "and pop thinks he's that one."

"Well, is he staying here?"

"Yes, but he's very bashful and you may have trouble in getting him to the hall."

"Oh, we'll fix dat. Where is he?"

"There he is; just crossing the hall."

The three sports went after Muldoon.

Then Roger said to the hotel clerk:

"Keep this thing up," he said.

"Bet your life. We can do it easy. The other Muldoon isn't coming."

"Did you expect him?"

"Yes."

"What's the matter?"

"Taken sick. We got a telegram from him."

"Then I'm glad I spoke up so quick. Thought they wanted the governor first."

Meanwhile the sports had tackled Muldoon.

"Say, your name's Muldoon, ain't it?"

"Yis," said Muldoon proudly.

"Ye're a big gun, ain't yer?"

"Yer can take yer oath I am."

"De only Muldoon, ain't yer?"

"Yez have struck it, me fri'nd."

"Then that's all right. Why didn't yez show up sooner?"

"Sure I had to have me dinner, didn't I?"

"Well, come on now, the crowd's waiting."

Muldoon was somewhat puzzled.

"What crowd?" he asked.

"The crowd to see yer, of course."

"To see me, is it?"

"Ah, come on. Ye're Muldoon, ain't yer?"

"To be coorse."

"De heavy man! You're solid, ain't yer?"

"Av coorse I am, I'm Muldoon the solid man. Iverybody knows me."

"Well, then, come on, der fellers is waiting for yer."

"Phwat fellers?"

"Der fellers at de hall, o' course. Dey want to see yer bad."

"Sure, we can't have anny game to-night. Phwat are yez thinking about?"

"Ah, come on!" and the three fellows grabbed Muldoon and hustled him out into the street.

Roger followed at a convenient distance.

He did not mean to miss the fun.

The sports hurried Muldoon away, and it was not till they got some distance that he was able to speak.

"Hould an, byes, yez must be making some mistake."

"No, we ain't. You're Muldoon, ain't yer?"

"Yis, Muldoon, the great ball player."

"Muldoon der wrestler, yer mean."

"But I don't mean it."

"Ah, go on!"

"We know you!"

"Don't be scared!"

"But I'm not a wrestler, and I'll not go wid yez."

"Why won't yer?"

"Bekase I don't know the forst thing about wrestling."

"Yes, yer do."

"We know yer."

"That's only a fake."

"And I don't care to have me neck bruck. I'll not go wid yez."

Here was a dilemma.

What was to be done?

Roger came to the rescue.

He pulled one of the sports by the sleeve and took him aside.

"You'll have to get a hack," he suggested.

"All right; go and get it. We'll stand de expense."

"All right. Wait here."

Then Roger ran off in chase of a hack.

He didn't get it.

He did get something better, however.

That was a hearse.

It was a dilapidated old affair that he found in a stable-yard.

It was the very thing for a snap, though.

He lost no time in having two horses hitched up.

Then he hustled back to where he had left the sports.

Muldoon was still trying to convince them that he was not the athlete.

It didn't work.

They wouldn't take no for an answer.

They all adjourned to a beer parlor to discuss the matter.

The more beer the sports took, the more obstinate they got.

Muldoon did likewise, and refused to accompany them.

Then Roger arrived with the hearse.

He whispered to one of the crowd, and said:

"Bundle him in and lock him in. He'll be quiet enough then."

"Come on," said the sport.

"I'll not do it," said Muldoon.

Then the argument was resumed.

However, it was one against three.

The greater number prevailed over the lesser.

Muldoon was lifted up, hustled out and bundled into the hearse.

"Howld an, howld an, ye murdering vilyans!" he yelled, "I'm not going to me funeral yet."

"Shut up!" growled the sports.

He was shut up for a fact.

The door was banged upon him in a jiffy

Then it was fastened with a big padlock.

Then away dashed the horses.

Rattlety-bang!

Bumpetty-bump!

Thumpetty-thump!

Poor Muldoon thought he would be shaken to pieces.

The streets through which he went were none of the best.

The pavements had been put down just as it happened.

And as for springs, the hearse was not liberally appointed in that line.

It was an old affair, and had not been used in years.

It was more like a rattle trap than anything else.

Well, Muldoon had a picnic of it and no mistake.

What with bad roads and the lack of springs, the speed at which he was driven and the general shakiness of the vehicle, he had a rough time of it.

He was bounced this way and that, rolled over, spun around, tossed about and shaken up generally.

"Be heavens, I niver thot I wud ride in a hearse till afther I wor dead," he remarked.

Bump!

"And begorry, I won't do it thin, av this is the way I'll be threatened."

Bang!

"I'll be cremated forst, be heavens. Oh, the deuce!"

The latter expression was forced out of him by a sudden collision between the top of his head and the side of the hearse.

There was no use in yelling for assistance.

Nobody would have heard him if he had.

Over the stones, bumpetty-bump, at breakneck speed went the hearse in its mad career.

It rocked to and fro like a ship in a storm, and rattled worse than a loose sash in a gale.

Muldoon was certain that he would be all black and blue before he gct out.

"Phwat ails thim chumps to say that I'm Muldoon the wrestler, whin I declared I wor not?"

There was nobody to answer the conundrum for the unfortunate man.

Bang!

Bang!

Thump!

The hearse suddenly gave a terrible lurch as it struck a stone.

Muldoon was chucked up as if in a blanket.

He tried to spring to his feet.

He succeeded, as the hearse suddenly stopped.

Rip-split!

Crash!

Out went his head through the top of the affair.

Sudden appearance of Muldoon.

"Howld on, ye vilyans?" he yelled. "I've had all av this koind av riding I want, be heavens!"

The people in the street were amazed.

"Oh, murder! The corpse is alive?"

"Look at the dead gorriila in the hearse!"

"Sure it's a bad sign to see that."

"Get up!" yelled the driver.

The horses obeyed the order.

That threw Muldoon off his feet.

Then he was in the pillory, as it were, suspended by his head alone.

The way he kicked was something astonishing.

Smash!

Crash!

Rattle!

He kicked all the glass out of one side to start with.

Then he kicked holes in the other side.

Bump!

Jump!

The hearse suddenly came to a pause again.

One of the wheels had struck the curb.

Then the whole business above the axles went to smash.

Muldoon was fired out bodily in the midst of the debris.

"I wondher av I'm all here," he remarked as he got up.

"That's all right," said one of the sports. "We're to the place now."

"The cimetry?" asked Muldoon eagerly.

"No, 'o course not. De hall where de show is. Paddy Rafferty and Moloney's mouse are havin' a set to, and you and de Japanee come next."

"No, I'm blowed av I do," muttered Muldoon.

Then he tried to run.

It didn't work.

A copper collared him.

"Here you, move on," he said, "and don't be drawing a crowd."

"Dat's all right, Jim," said one of the sports. "Dat's Muldoon, de wrestler."

The copper let go of Muldoon in a jiffy.

The sports grabbed him, and hustled him down a back street to the side entrance of the hall.

Here a sparring-match was progressing on a small stage.

The hall was packed with a dense mass of men and boys, and was as hot as Tophet.

Muldoon was hustled up-stairs, and one of the sports said to the master of ceremonies:

"We've got him, but he gave us lots o' trouble."

"All right. I'll announce him."

Then he stepped to the front, and remarked:

"De next ting on de bill, gents, is de appearance ob de celebrated wrestler, Mr. William Muldoon, champion of——"

"Ye're a loiar, so ye are!" cried Muldoon, breaking away from the sports who had been holding him and dashing upon the stage.

"Get out o' here, yer chump!" growled the manager.

"I'll be glad to, faix, but I want to explain. I am Terrence Muldoon, the great ball player, and not Muldoon, the wrestler at all."

"Slug the sucker!"

"Fire the tarrier out!"

"It's a skin!"

"Muldoon ain't in town!"

"Kill the beat!"

That's what the crowd said.

Things looked squally for the solid man.

The three sports were very mad.

"Why didn't yer tell us yer wasn't the man?" they demanded, angrily.

"So I did.

"Ye're a liar, ye didn't."

That was something Muldoon would never stand.

You could call him anything else you liked but not that.

He jumped for the offending sport in a jiffy.

Biff!

Spat!

Whack!

If he wasn't a wrestler he knew how to handle his fives.

That sport was sorry he had spoken.

It was unlucky for Muldoon, however, that attack.

The other sports came to the assistance of their comrade.

The crowd nearest to the stage also wanted to take a hand in the racket.

A dozen of them leaped upon the stage.

"Kill him!"

"Chuck him out the winder!"

"Walk over him!"

"Give us our money back?"

"Slug the Mick!"

"Pull his tail out, the old baboon!"

"Punch his head!"

Each and all of these injunctions would have been obeyed if Muldoon had remained on the stage.

He had no desire to furnish fun for the boys in that line, however.

Consequently he got out, and pretty sudden.

Some of the gang chased him down-stairs.

They were the friends of the fellow he had struck.

They were looking for revenge.

They thought they were sure to get it out of Muldoon.

Down-stairs he dashed, four steps at a time.

The mob of toughs nearly fell on top of him.

He hurried into the street and looked hurriedly around.

"Be heavens, I don't know which way to turn," he muttered.

"This way, pop," said Roger, who suddenly appeared.

Muldoon never stopped to ask the young fellow how he came to be there, but put himself in his charge at once.

He did not even think that perhaps Roger might have been the cause of all his trouble that evening.

"This way, pop!" cried Roger, grabbing hold of him.

Then the young joker hustled his dad away as the toughs came rushing out of the hall.

Down the street dashed Muldoon and Roger, the toughs in pursuit.

"Oh, be heavens, I can't run another step!" gasped Muldoon. "I'm all played out!"

"Hurry up, dad. They'll half kill you if they catch you."

"Well, I'm half dead now."

"Come on," and Roger yanked him along at a lively pace.

The crowd was still in pursuit, however.

It was likewise increasing in size.

Some one said this and some one said that, and all sorts of things were imagined of poor Muldoon.

It got around that he had killed a man, that he was a kidnapper, a burglar, an escaped lunatic and the dickens only knows what.

Consequently, if that mob once got hold of him he would have a first-class circus all of his own.

CHAPTER V.

THE mob was after Muldoon, yelling like mad.

Roger enjoyed the fun, and made Muldoon think that he was in danger of his life.

He might possibly be in danger of getting a thumping, but that was all.

However, it was fun to Roger to make him think he was about to be murdered.

"This way, pop!" he suddenly cried.

Then he whisked around a corner and dove right into a Chinese wash-house.

"Oh, murther, it's thim Chinaysers," gasped Muldoon.

Indeed, there were Ah Jim and Wun Lung right in front of him.

At first they looked very bellicose.

Ah Jim grabbed a wash board.

Wun Lung seized a flat iron.

Things looked bad for Muldoon.

Roger smoothed them over, however.

He said something to Jim in his private ear.

A broad smile diffused itself over that Celestial's moon face.

"All lite, me fixee," he said. "You comee dis way."

Roger stood against the door, and said something to Wun Lung.

"Bellee funny, makee Chinees outee Ilishman," he remarked.

That was what Ah Jim was doing.

Roger had promised him two silver dollars if he would do it.

Ah Jim did not harbor malice when he had a chance to make two piasters.

He was a little bit down on Muldoon, to be sure.

The jingle of the two cases in his yellow claw, however, took away all his animosity.

Well, the crowd was howling and yelling just outside.

Somebody had seen Muldoon go into the laundry.

He had told the rest, and the mob thought they had Muldoon cold.

They did not dare to molest the laundrymen, for that meant arrest.

They would wait for Muldoon, however.

"Come out here, you sucker."

"Come out till we break your jaw!"

"Yer a scared to come out."

"Go in and fetch him out."

"Speak to them, Lung," said Roger.

"All lite," said Jim from an inner room.

Then Roger stepped aside so as not to be seen.

Wun Lung went to the door, opened it and asked:

"What do want? Go alay fion here."

"We want the Irishman, that's what we want!"

"No Ilishman in; me goodee Chinaman."

"Ah! we saw him go in there."

"No, you nevee. No Ilishman in shoppee."

"We say there is, and we want him."

"All lite; you lookee."

Then Wun Lung stepped aside and let in half a dozen of the crowd.

There were two Chinamen at work in the rear.

One was Ah Jim, polishing collars.

The other was Muldoon, washing shirts.

Muldoon a Chinaman!

Well, he looked like one.

Ah Jim had put a blouse and a pair of baggy breeches on him, and had affixed a pig-tail to his head.

The latter was arranged easily enough.

Chinamen have a way of wearing false hair as well as other folks.

They often have a long queue fastened to a skull cap, which they then stick upon their heads.

After that they can take as good care of their hair as any society belle who hangs her golden tresses on a peg every night.

Muldoon's head was ornamented with this sort of business.

He looked just like a Chinaman as he bent over the washtub.

He didn't raise his head very much, and that was where he was safe.

The fellows in pursuit of him looked very blank.

They never tumbled to him in that guise.

Muldoon even spoke Chinese, to further rattle them.

"Pst sing ogoway, hallico ballico washee washee gin sling."

Ah Jim answered him in real tea-chest Mongolian.

"Allamagoozleum, bing bang, wong bong ogawolla. That was what Muldoon said in reply.
 "Whattée matter widee you?" asked Jim.
 "No gottee Ilishman, you lookee," said Lung.
 "Chin chin, chop chop, Weehawken," remarked Muldoon, splashing the suds.
 "Ah, come on, he ain't here," said one.
 "He's got out the back way, I guess."
 "He went in here anyhow."

"Fixed up like a Chineee, washing dirty clothes."
 The copper felt that here was a chance to distinguish himself.
 "I'll bring him out," he remarked.
 Then he dashed into the wash-house followed by the mob.
 When Muldoon saw him he dusted.
 "Be heavens I wor not born to be arrested be anny Boston copper," he remarked.
 His dialect gave him away that time.
 He got away, however, notwithstanding.



Over the fence went Muldoon, the copper after him. One or two of the crowd followed, but the rest got left. Muldoon felt considerable pride in being able to get away from a Boston policeman.

"Well, he ain't here now."
 "We'll slug him when we do find him."
 "No gottee Ilishman, me tellee you," said Ah Jim. "You gettee latted."
 Then the crowd went out.
 Roger was waiting for them.
 He had skipped out at the back and gone around to the front through an alley.
 "This way, fellers," he whispered. "I'll show you where that Mick is."
 "Where is he?"
 "In the laundry, washing at the tub."
 "Ah, get out, that's a Chineee."
 "No, it ain't—it's a Mick."
 "What are you giving us?"
 "Nothing. I saw them fix him up to look like a heathen."
 "Well, we'll get him out of that."
 Just then a Boston copper came up.
 He had not made an arrest in a week.
 Consequently he was looking for a job.
 "What's all this noise about?" he demanded.
 "Child stealer in the laundry."
 "Feller killed a man and went in here."
 "Where is he?"

He didn't, not with standing, but with running, however.
 Out of that wash-house he flew like lightning.
 Through the rear door and over a back fence he skipped with agility.
 The crowd went chasing after him.
 Through the laundry they swarmed, upsetting wash tubs; knocking down tables, and raising Cain generally.
 Over the fence went Muldoon, the copper after him.
 One or two of the crowd followed, but the rest got left.
 They took offense at the fence and declined to scale it.
 Muldoon felt considerable pride in being able to get away from a Boston policeman.
 Once over the fence he dashed across a court-yard, down a little alley, and out into the street.
 He found himself among a lot of street Arabs.
 They took him for a Chinaman, of course.
 Here was a dandy chance to have fun.
 What gamin could resist such a temptation?
 "Hi, Nibsey, get onto de Chineee."
 "Ching, Ching, Chinaman, bow-wow-wow."
 "Rats, rats, old dead cats."
 "Catch onto me ringin' de bell, Petey," said Nibsey.
 Then he grabbed Muldoon's pig-tail and gave it a yank.
 It did not come off as Muldoon had expected.

Ah, Jim, had filled the inside of the skull cap with cobbler's wax. Roger had suggested this idea for a lark. Jim had readily caught on to the snap. The cap caught on to Muldoon's head likewise. It stuck to him like wax, very naturally. Therefore when that Arab yanked at the pig-tail Muldoon felt the tug. "Let go, ye young devil!" he yelled in pain. "Oh, get onto the Irish Chinaman!" cried the hoodlum, giving the queue another pull.

He held on for all he was worth. That helped matters in regard to the scalping act. Then he jumped up, rubbed his head, and remarked: "Faix, this is a purty plight for a respectable citizen, and the captain av a famous baseball team. Sure, I hope the newspapers won't get hould av it." There was something else to thing of first, however. The boys had dusted as soon as they saw the Chinaman's pigtail had come off.



The people in the street were amazed. "Oh, murder! The corpse is alive!" "Look at the dead grrilla in the hearse!" "Sure it's a bad sign to see that." "Get up!" yelled the driver. The horses obeyed the order.

Then two of his chums got onto it and pulled with him. Down went Muldoon on his back. Then those naughty boys took hold and raced him down the street. It was dandy fun for them, but not for Muldoon. He yelled as if all the fiends in Tophet were prodding him with pitchforks.

"Let up on that, yez young marauders!" he howled. "Yez are pullin' me head aff, begorry!"

The boys did not mind that any. It didn't hurt them a cent's worth.

The more Muldoon howled the better they liked it.

"Hi-hi! dis is bully fun!"

"Keep her a-boilin', fellers!"

"Here's de Chinese Mick, boys!"

"Keep him a running!"

If Muldoon could have got on his feet murder would have been done, then and there.

However, even cobblers' wax can't stand too great a strain.

The queue, skull-cap and all suddenly came off, and part of Muldoon's hair with it.

Down tumbled the boys all in a heap, arms, legs and heads very much mixed up.

Muldoon had managed to seize a lamppost as he was being dragged along.

They might return, however, and make it unpleasant for him.

"The deuce take thim petticoats anyhow," muttered Muldoon.

"Phwat sort av a costchume is that for a dacint man?"

Then he proceeded to get out of his togs.

That left him in his shirt, vest and trousers.

"There, be heavens, I'll get rid av yez for good and all," he remarked, as he rolled the heathen togs into a bundle and chucked them in the gutter.

Then he set out to find his way back to the hotel.

That was considerable of a job, considering that he had no idea where he was.

He had not been around Boston enough to find his way about very well, and he was now in one of the crookedest as well as the toughest parts of the whole city.

He wandered about aimlessly for a time, without seeming able to get anywhere, and then he suddenly remembered something.

"Oh, murther! Phwat a chump I wor to be sure!"

The cause of his annoyance was apparent from his next words.

"I'll be blamed av I haven't left me coat wid all me money in it in the wash house."

That was a calamity, sure enough.

"Faix, I'll niver be able to foind the place agin, and av I do, thim haythins will swear I niver left it there."

However, there was no use in wailing over scattered lacteal fluid.

If he had a coat, even with no money in it, he would have been thankful.

He presently struck a half-way decent street where there were many promenaders.

Being without a coat or hat, he naturally attracted attention.

It was not so hot that he could dispense with these useful articles.

That's what made it seem queer.

People looked at him as if they thought him crazy, and got out of his way.

Presently, he met a policeman, not the same one he had had the fuss with.

The copper looked at him, slapped him on the shoulder, and said:

"I know you. Come with me."

"You know me, hey? Well, thin, maybe yez will tell me phwere Young's hotel is."

"H'm, you don't want to go to Young's, I guess."

"Phwat's the raison I don't? I'm shtoppin' there at prisint."

"Guess you mean Charlestown Prison, don't you?"

"I do not. Take yer fisht off me showldher, ye starched up monkey."

"You want to come with me, I tell you. You're an old customer, you are."

"Oh, I am, hey?" laughed Muldoon. "Yez don't want to lose your position, do yez?"

"No danger of that."

"Well, yez will av yez arrest me. Do yez know who I am?"

"Yes, you're Billy Higgins, the burglar. I know you well."

"Yez are a loir thin, for I'm Terrence Muldoon, the ball player, and I can catch all around Mike Kelly or Charley Bennett, or anny av thim fellers."

"I guess not," laughed the copper. "I know Muldoon myself, and you're not him."

"All right, me knowin' lad; av yez know so much take me to the station and see phwat they'll tell yez."

"How do I know that you are Muldoon?" asked the cop.

He was beginning to think that he might have made a mistake.

"I have me name on me shurt," said Muldoon. "I've lost me pocket-book or I'd give yez me card."

"Where do you want to go, Mr. Muldoon?" asked the cop.

"To Young's Hotel, I tould you."

The copper gave Muldoon the proper directions, and our hero found his way back to the hotel, after an hour's tramp, and entered the reading-room just in time to hear Roger finishing up the recital of his father's adventures up to the time he rushed out of the laundry.

"So, so," me young buck," he remarked, "that wor a put-up job, wor it? Maybe it wor a put-up job, too, me being taken for Muldoon the wrestler?"

"Partly yes, and partly no, pop," chuckled Roger.

"Thin av yez go back to thim Chinaysers, and bring me coat away, I'll forgive yez."

"I brought it with me, pop."

"Faix, thin, av yez hadn't I'd have cut aff yer spindin' money for a month."

"Well, pop, the fun I've had would be worth that."

CHAPTER VII.

A DAY or two after the last little racket on Muldoon, Roger came to him and said:

"Pop, there's a club up in Concord that has sent us a challenge."

"And where is Concord, me bye?" asked Muldoon. "Is it wan av the towns around here?"

"It's about twenty miles away, pop."

"Twinty miles. is it? Faix, that's all I know av the geography av the nebborhood."

"You'd better take the boys up there, pop."

"Can we rdn the cair up, do you think?"

"It wouldn't be worth while, dad. It's on the Fitchburg road, and you'd have to change off."

"And phwat sort av clab is it up at Concord?"

"One of the very best stripe, pop," said Roger with a quiet smile.

The wherefore of that smile will be seen later.

"Well, I don't know why we can't go."

"I thought you would, pop, and I sent them word to expect us."

"How long will it take us to go up there?"

"Something over an hour by the express."

"How far is the dippo?"

"At the foot of Haverhill street, on Causeway, pop."

"And how far are the Concord grounds from the station?"

"I don't know, but the manager said he would meet us with carriages."

"Will he have a brass band wid him?"

"I presume so, if I ask him."

"Do so, thin. Av we go so far we ought to pit an more style."

"Certainly."

"Well, let the byes know about it in toime, or they'll be goin' off to see Johnny Ward's Brooklyn byes play wid Mike Kelley's crowd."

"I'll let them know, dad. We ought to start by two-thirty."

"All right; we'll go right afther lunch."

Roger posted the nine and they were all on hand at the station before train time.

They attracted considerable attention from the small boys in the street, for every one of them was known."

Your base-ball youngster always calls a player by his front name, as though he had been intimate with him all his life.

"There's Ikey Stein, the second baseman. Ain't he got a nose?"

"Yes, and get onto Jimmy Finnegan and his crooked bugle."

"That's Dan Jones, the shortstop. Ain't he a dandy?"

"He can't beat, Mul, though."

"Oh, Mul's a la-la, he is."

"Who's the Dutchman?"

"Dat's Petey, dat is. Don't yer know nothing?"

That was the way it went, and all the champions were recognized.

It was a regular ovation for them.

However, the train was made up and they took their seats, some in the smoker and some in the coaches.

Roger circulated around and quite won the hearts of the Boston girls with his handsome face, neat figure, and pleasant manners.

There wasn't one of those who saw him who did not want a lock from his curly head.

As for Muldoon he was proud of the boy, and yet there were times when he greatly regretted that he was too big to spank.

Well, the train got away at last, and all hands were anxious to see the country

The Fitchburg road runs through a pleasant region, and the boys were quite delighted.

At the various towns along the road, Somerville, Cambridge, Waltham, et cetera, the citizens turned out to see the train go by, and the Muldoons received a most flattering reception.

When Concord was reached a number of carriages awaited the club, as Roger had said.

"Which is Mr. Muldoon?" asked a quiet-looking man dressed in a blue cloth suit with brass buttons.

"I have the honor to bear that proud name," answered our captain.

"I am the warden of the prison, as you may presume," said the other.

"I am very glad to meet yez on the outside av the building," said Muldoon. "Are yez going to see the game?"

"Certainly. The boys would be disappointed if I did not."

"Faix, he must be a favorite here," thought Muldoon. "Maybe the ball players have boarded with him at odd times, and that's phy he takes an interest in thim."

The solid man was not aware how close he came to the truth.

There was no brass band, but all hands were given seats in the carriages and all the town seemed to be on the street to see them drive past.

After a drive of medium length, Muldoon suddenly turned to the warden who sat in front of him and asked:

"Phwat building is that, sor? Sure, it looks like a prison."

"That's what it is."

"I'd be glad to go through it afther the game, av I have the toime."

"You can do so, certainly, for we will be right there."

"Right there?" repeated the solid man.

"Certainly."

"Oh, I see, the ball grounds are near the prison."

"Near it! They are inside the walls."

Muldoon looked astonished.

The Warden observed this, and said:

"You don't mean to say that you don't know that I have asked you to be kind enough to play with a nine organized by some of our short-term men?"

"Phwat!" gasped Muldoon. "Play wid convicts!"

"Oh, they are not at all dangerous, my dear sir. They are not hardened criminals, but merely young men put in for minor offenses."

Muldoon was disposed to get mad.

"Be heavens, I'm played for a sucker all around," he muttered.

"Nagurs, Chinamen, ould maids and idjots, think I have nothing to do but play wid them, and now it is a nine of convicts,"

He looked utterly disgusted, and the Warden was silent.

Finally, however, the latter said with a smile:

"I heard you praised for your benevolence, Mr. Muldoon, and I thought you would certainly do these poor fellows the kindness of giving them a little recreation. They enjoy playing very much, but do not often get a chance to play with outsiders."

Muldoon began to thaw out at this.

"Faix, I know now what Roger meant whin he said yer nine wor players av the forst style. Sure they're all shtripes, I presume?"

"Yes, they are obliged to wear the prison uniform, although they have many liberties granted them."

"All except the liberthy av goin' out," chuckled Muldoon.

"Well, they get that in time," returned the warden.

Muldoon's features gradually relaxed, and at last he said:

"I will be plain wid yez, sor, and confiss that if I had known phwere I wor expected to play I wud have politely, but firrumly de-cloined the invitation."

"But now?"

"Well, I'm here now and the byes 'll be disappointed av I don't play wid thim. I'll have to intherview that son av Mrs. Muldoon's, how-iver. He niver tould me a worrud about it, except that we wor to play in the town."

"Ah, he knew your kind heart after all, Mr. Muldoon, and knew that you would not refuse in the end."

"Begob, I think yez are an Irishman afther all," laughed Muldoon.

"No, I am an American, and my father was the same, and his also."

"Well, yez wouldn't do discredit to the race, annyhow," returned Muldoon, "and av I wasn't an Irishman the next thing I'd be is a Yankee just like ye."

When the carriages drove up to the prison gates, Ikey Stein was heard to exclaim:

"Och, mein gracious, vat vas ve done? Off dot ain't a prison, so hellup me."

"Hallo, Buldood, have you beed sedt ub?" called out Dan Jones.

"No, but ye will av yez don't shut up."

"Faix, I wondher if it's a put up job an us not to let us out again?" mused Finnegan.

"Hi, Muldoon, was dis anyding like your old summer house up der rifer?" asked Budweiser, with a grunt.

"Ye'll know betther when yez get inside," said Muldoon. "Ye're acquainted wid that part, and I wid the outside."

"Thad's wud od you, Pedey," laughed Dan Jones. "Buldood had you there."

The party went inside and were shown to dressing rooms where they put on their uniforms, and then adjourned to the prison yard where the game was to take place.

The convict nine presently appeared, dressed in striped jackets and trousers and caps, a uniform very seldom worn by base ballists.

"I wonder off I could git der contract for making dem fellers' base ball suits?" observed Ikey Stein. "I want to made some money off dis trip."

"They're not such a bad looking set of fellers," said Muldoon, "bar-rin' that they do be paler than most min phwat play ball."

"Begob, this is the queerest sort of place to play ball in," said Willie McGinness. "I niver hard of ball in a prison."

"I have, often," said Muldoon. "It's quite a common game there."

"Base ball common in prison?" echoed O'Dwyer.

"No, not base ball, but chain and ball, ye gawk."

"I wonder if they let any of the tough wans out to see uz?" asked Hannigan. "Phwat do yez think, Mul?"

"Shut up, ye wind bag. There's no need av hurtin' the byes' feel-in's aven av they are timpor'ly locked in."

Quite a number of the prisoners were allowed to sit on benches and take in the game, guards being stationed here and there to see that they did not talk to each other.

"There's wan thing good about this game," observed Muldoon.

"The crowd can't sass the umpire, you mean?" asked Roger.

"No, not that; they can't give us lip the way some of the crowds do be doing."

There were no score cards, but Muldoon and his men were introduced to the prison nine, and it was not lon before the spectators knew who all the players were.

The prisoners laid aside their jackets, appearing in gray shirts, and then the uniform was not such a bad one, and looked more like the the regulation affair.

The members of the home team had names, of course, but these were not given, and instead the names of poets were used.

For instance, Poe was short stop, Byron was second base, Burns was left field, Moore and Scott were tne battery, Keats covered third, and Bacon, Hood, and Shelley filled the other places.

"That iver I should see Tom Moore pitching on a ball nine," remarked Muldoon.

"What's the matter with Scott for catcher?" asked Roger.

"Well, I don't think he catches an as well as Tom Moore, me bye."

"Play ball!" said the umpire, a young fellow from town.

The Muldoons went to the bat first and secured two runs, Duggan and O'Dwyer being the lucky ones.

Then the Poets, as Muldoon called them, went in and played a dan-dy game, collaring three runs—Hood Moore and Burns getting them.

"Two for the Irish and wan for the Scotch," remarked Muldoon.

"The fairies are good to us as usual."

Well, the game was a pretty good one, and the Muldoons won it in the last inning, the score being close till the very end.

Then Roger got in a good one on Muldoon, but I'll tell you what it was in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

The game between the Poets and Muldoons was a tolerably long one.

In fact it began to grow dark in the yard when the boys were pick-ing up their bats and balls.

The Poets and spectators were marched off, and then the Muldoons went to get their duds.

Muldoon was the last to leave, and then he could not find his coat which he had thrown off while playing.

"Have yez seen me coat, Roger?" he asked as the latter was dis-appearing through a door at one side.

"In the hall, pop," called back Roger.

Muldoon looked around, hunted here and there, and finally found a jacket lying on a bench in a small room opening from the yard.

It was quite dark there and Muldoon did not notice anything pecu-iar about the coat when he put it on.

It was a fit and that was all he thought about.

"I suppose this is the way out," he muttered, hurrying along the hall without going outside again.

Presently he reached a grated door on the other side of which stood a keeper.

"Open the door," said Muldoon, finding it locked.

The man looked at him through the bars and grunted:

"Go back where you belong."

"Faix, that's phwat I'm trying to do. Let me out."

"Not till you've served your term," growled the keeper.

Muldoon thought the fellow was guying him.

"Come on now, none av yer jokes," he muttered. "I want to catch me thrain. I'm Muldoon."

"Oh, I know who you are," was the answer.

"Thin cheese all jokes and let me out."

"Not with that jacket, Mr. Ugly Bill. Stole a ball player's breeches, didn't you? The jacket gives you away."

It was lighter here, by the way.

Muldoon looked at the coat he had on.

It was one of the kind worn by the prisoners.

"That's another wan av that boy's thricks," muttered Muldoon.

"Go back there, Ugly Bill, and get in your cell, or I'll report you," mumbled the keeper.

He was an obstinate sort of duck, anyhow.

Once he got an idea in his head he held on to it.

There wasn't any joke in this so far as he was concerned.

He got the idea that Muldoon was a prisoner trying to escape, and he stuck to it.

Muldoon thought that the man was merely guying him.

The keeper wasn't doing anything of the sort.

He was doing his duty, or supposed he was.

"Go back?" he growled, "or I'll report you to the warden."

"Sind for him now, then," returned Muldoon, "and he'll tell yez who I am."

It was no go.

The fellow knew he was right and that settled it.

"You can't get out of here while I'm around," he growled.

"Thin sind some wan here phwat knows something."

"Go back to the yard and get in your cell."

"I will not, and I'll have yez fired whin I see the boss."

"You won't, eh?"

The muzzle of a big revolver was shoved through the grating right in Muldoon's face.

"Come on, now; stop joking," said our hero.

The keeper now rang a gong, and two or three turnkeys came hurrying along the passage.

"Prisoner trying to escape," said the keeper. "Put him in Number Eleven."

The guards grabbed Muldoon in a jiffy.

"It's a lie!" he howled. "I wor not thrying to escape and I'm not a prisoner at all."

The men had their orders, however.

Moreover, they intended to obey them.

Muldoon was hustled away in short order.

He was bundled into a cell pretty sudden.

Then the door was shut upon him and locked.

"Come back here!" howled the poor victim, as the guards went away.

They didn't come for all his calling.

Then he howled some more, and he shook the grating.

"A joke's a joke, but be heavens, this is pushing it too far," he remarked.

Then he yelled some more, and made a frightful racket.

A guard came along, stopped in front of his cell, and said:

"Stop that noise in there, or I'll put you in a dark cell."

"Yez will do nothing av the sort," returned Muldoon. "It's all a mistake. I don't belong here at all."

"Yes, that's what all you fellows say," and away went the guard.

Muldoon howled after him, and presently another guard came up and told him to keep quiet.

"Let me out, yer sucker," retorted Muldoon.

"Shut up, I tell you."

"I will not. Go tell the warden I want to see him."

"You'll be sorry you did if he comes."

Then that guard also went away.

Muldoon was in despair.

"Faix, I niver saw such a shtupid lot av offissers," he muttered. "How the blazes did I get this coat anyhow? I wondher av this is wan of Roger's jokes?"

That's just what it was.

"Begob, av I foind that it is, I'll sind him home be the first train and keep him there all summer."

Then he took off the give away jacket and chucked it on the floor.

After that he did the yell act once more.

For some time no attention was paid to him.

He did not desist for all that, however.

He kept up a constant howling for ten minutes.

Then three or four guards came up.

"Say, are you going to shut up that racket?"

"No, be heavens, not till I'm let out. It's all a joke, I tell yez. I'm Muldoon, the captain of the ball players. Yez can see me shoot for yerselves."

Then the guards thought that perhaps there might have been a mistake after all.

Instead of sympathizing with Muldoon they only laughed at him.

"Well, that's a good one."

"Seems like home, does it, Mul?"

"You'll have to treat all around for that."

"Why didn't you say so before?"

"Ha, ha!"

The laughter of the guards grated harshly on Muldoon's ears.

"Go an, ye laughing jackasses," he said in scorn. "Yez haven't the sinse av a mouse."

"Ho, ho, ho! Good joke!"

"Stop yer laughin' an' let me out, ye idjots!"

"Can't do it without orders, old man."

"Thin go for the warden."

"He's gone to the train with the base-ball boys."

"Thin let me out yersilf."

"Can't do it." And all hands laughed again.

Then they went off so as to keep up the joke.

They might have let him out before the warden came back, but they wanted to have more fun with him.

Finally the warden appeared, and then Muldoon's term expired.

The warden laughed, and said he was very sorry, but that did not do Muldoon any good.

"Have the byes all gon'?" he asked.

"Yes. We missed you, but somebody said you had gone."

"Whin was that?"

"When we were at supper."

"And did yez think I wud be so impolite as that?"

"Well, I did think it rather strange."

"I should say so, begorry."

Muldoon got into his street clothes, packed his uniform in his grip, and was about to say good-bye when the warden said:

"Don't hurry away yet, Mr. Muldoon. You must have supper with me."

"Well, I don't mind," said Muldoon, "av yez don't give me prison fare."

The warden led the way through the prison to his own quarters.

Here a fresh surprise awaited Muldoon.

In the supper room was the whole gang, seated at the table.

They all gave a howl when Muldoon appeared.

"Hello, pop! did they let you out?"

"Thad's wud od you, Buldood."

"Py shiminies, dot was a good shoke, ain't it?"

"That'll cost yez the woine for the crowd, Muldoon."

Then Muldoon knew that he had been roasted.

When his incarceration had become known the gang just kept him there for the fun of it.

His being put in a cell was a mistake on the part of the pig-headed keeper.

His being kept there was a joke on the part of the warden.

The fact was that he had invited the whole party to remain over night and make a tour of the prison the next day.

Muldoon did not find this out till his time was up.

Then the laugh was on him, and all hands gayed him mercilessly.

However, they all spent a very pleasant evening with the warden, and went to bed at the principal hotel in first-class spirits.

The next day they went all over the prison and were very much interested in all they saw.

After that they went back to Boston where they were to play that afternoon with a local nine.

"Well, I've been in prison, Bedalia," said Muldoon, when he saw his wife, "and got out again, but av that bye Roger plays anny more av his snaps an me, he'll get in and niver come out, be heavens."

CHAPTER IX.

HAVING played all his scheduled games in Boston, Muldoon made up his mind to return to New York.

He had engagements in Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and other places, and wanted to fill them.

"I've had enough av Boston," he declared, "and now I'm ready to get out av it."

"Sure, I think Boston is a foine place," said Mrs. Muldoon.

"So it is, to move away from," said Muldoon.

"Ah, go on wid yer donble enders," said the lady.

"Phwat's 'thim?"

"That's Frinch for equinoctial remarks, so it is."

"Equilateral, yez mean. Yer hould on the dictionary is very slight, me dear."

"It's as tight as yours, annyhow. I mean just phwat I said."

"And I claim that yer expression was not correct."

"Well, yez know phwat I mean, anybow."

"Yis, but I wouldn't, av I didn't know yez."

Just then Roger came in.

"I say, pop, when are you going to leave?" he asked.

"Be a late thrain so as to get to New York in the mornin', and thin go right an to Philadelphia."

"All right, I'll get you there."

Oh, yes, he would.

That is, provided nothing happened.

Much was likely to happen, however, when that boy was around.

He could be depended upon to cut up all sorts of larks.

Sometimes they were premeditated, and sometimes not.

All the same, they were sure to show themselves.

The Muldoons were to leave Boston at eleven o'clock.

Muldoon thought he would take in a theater before he went away.

As it happened, that suited Roger to a dot.

Mrs. Muldoon did not go, for she had a headache and wanted to rest.

Roger and Muldoon took in the show at the Globe and then started for their train.

When they reached the station Roger suddenly said:

"By the way, pop, I forgot to tell you that our car has been put on a side track down at the other end."

"All right, me bye, you show me the way and I'll folly."

Roger did lead the way, much to Muldoon's subsequent regret.

He went between trains, under cars, over platforms and to the end of creation.

In this part of the yard it was dark and Muldoon could not see where he was going.

"Here you are," said Roger, suddenly, giving Muldoon a hoist.

"Sure this isn't our car," muttered Muldoon as he was shoved up the steps.

"Yes, it is. Hurry up, she's moving."

Muldoon was suddenly pushed forward in the darkness and a door was slammed behind him.

Rattle-rattle!

Ding-dong!

Choo-choo-toot!

The train gave a sudden lurch, and Muldoon was thrown down.

He did not fall upon any velvet carpet.

It was on the hard floor instead.

"Phwat's this, annyhow?" he muttered. "I wondher av I'm in the kitchen or the pantry?"

Then he got up and tried to pierce the darkneess which surrounded him.

It was no fool of a job to keep his feet, to begin with.

"Sure, I'm afeard Roger has med a mishtake in his hurry. Hallo, Roger, phwere are yez?"

The rattling and banging of the car were all the sounds he heard.

"Roger, I say!" he yelled. "Where the blazes are yez?"

This time he got an answer.

It was not such as he expected.

It was a cross between a growl and a roar, and sounded right alongside.

"Howly sailor, phwat wor that?" he gasped.

The noise was repeated.

"Be heavens, it sounds like some woild animal. Oh, murder! luck at that!"

Two balls of fire suddenly appeared from the darkness.

Then two more were seen, and the growling was repeated.

Muldoon's hair nearly lifted his hat from his head.

"Murdher and arson! I'm in a den av lions!"

Gr-rr-ow!

Wow-ow-rr!

"Oh, murdher, I'll be aten alive!"

It was certainly not a pleasing prospect.

There were wild beasts in the car beyond a doubt.

Whether they were loose or not was an open question.

The balls of fire, which Muldoon now knew to be eyes certainly shifted their positions.

"Be heavens, I've got in the menagerie cair av a circus instead av in me own private house on wheels," he groaned. "Phwat'll I do annyhow?"

He could hardly stand up now, from fear alone.

Add to that the bouncing and jolting of the car, and you can imagine the situation.

"Howiver come I to make such a mistake? Faix, I'll be nothing but bones in the morning."

The growling was kept up and the eyes seemed to glow brighter than ever.

"Go an out av that!" he muttered. "Troth, I wish it wor daylight, and thin I could see yez and maybe kape yez back wid the power av me eye."

The power of the eye was an uncertain quantity just now.

The tigers and lions could see him, but Muldoon could not see them.

"I wondher av me pop is in me pocket. It niver is whin I want it, begorry. Oh, murder!"

A growl, sounding right in his ear, caused him to jump backward in a hurry.

Then he lost his balance.

Down he went on his back all in a heap.

"Tundher an' blazes, phwat's the matter wid me?"

The idea most prominent in his mind now was how to get out.

He was certain that the lions were loose, or that they would be before long.

He knew that they were often transported in cages as big as cars, and he felt sure that this was one of them.

It might be divided into compartments, to be sure.

Even in that event the partitions could be easily forced open.

"Good glory! I believe wan av thim is goin' now!" he gasped, at hearing a sudden strange sound.

He looked up and saw a pair of fiery eyes gazing into his own, apparently not more than a foot away.

"Oh, murder!"

His legs shook, his hair bristled, and the cold sweat ran off him in rivers.

"Faix, I'll be a corpse before I know it," he gasped.

Then he tried crawling away.

He did not dare to trust himself on his feet.

Now and then he heard a growl or two.

They sounded further away than at first.

He also missed those fiery eyes.

This was a relief, certainly.

"Be heavens, I breathe agin," he muttered.

His foot suddenly struck something which rattled.

"Oh, glory, that's the dure!" he cried.

Then he jumped up, got banged around a bit, and then grabbed the knob.

"Hurroo! Safe at last!" he exclaimed.

He turned the knob, and found that the door would open.

You can bet that he lost no time in getting on the other side of it.

The wind blew through his sluggers, and the dust got in his eyes, but he didn't mind that.

They were trifles compared to the danger from which he had escaped.

He banged the door shut and stood against it.

"Faix, I don't care to have thim animals come out here and play circus wid me," he remarked.

The trouble now was how to get to his own car.

He was under the impression that their car was attached to the forward end of the train bearing his own.

That's where he missed it.

He was on a freight train.

The crew were in the caboose in the rear.

A dozen or twenty cars separated him from them.

However, not to know one's danger is to be free from it, in a measure.

Muldoon had no idea of his position.

His wits were at work, however, devising new schemes.

"Faix, they might get at me after all, the bastes. I must pit more space bechune me and thim."

He could see that the car behind him was devoted to freight as well as his own.

"There's a dure in it, too," he muttered. "I wonder av there's another invice av woild animals in it?"

Watching his chance, he passed over and grabbed the knob of the door of the other car.

It was evidently a baggage car, and not a regular box affair with doors on the sides only.

Muldoon turned the knob and gave the door a shove.

He was more successful than he cared for.

The car gave a bounce just as he opened the door.

Then he went flying, and sprawled out upon the floor like a huge crab.

"Oh, murther! it'll be killed entirely I will before I get through," he ejaculated.

Then he managed to scramble to his feet, incidentally fetching up against trunks and boxes and all sorts of truck.

He finally balanced himself in a corner against some boxes.

Here he drew breath and began to think over the situation.

"I don't see phwat I can do but stay here till we shtop at some station, and thin get out and foind me own cair.

"The baggage do be piled up here so tight I can't get through, and as fur walking over the top av the cair, excuse me av yez please.

"Faix, I wondher where that young Roger got to, anyhow? Sure, I've been forgetting all about him."

Suddenly, as the car gave another lurch, Muldoon sat down with considerable violence on something softer than the floor.

Then he heard a grunt and a growl, and felt his seat rising under him.

"Murdher and blazes! it's more av thim lions," he gasped.

"Get off my back, you ole duffer!" said a voice.

Muldoon was greatly relieved.

It was only a man after all and not a wild beast.

"I beg yer pardon," said Muldoon. "The cair trun me down."

"That ain't you, is it, Bill?" growled the man, getting up.

"No, sor, it's not Bill at all; it's me, Terrence Muldoon, the great American ball player. Can yez tell me where this cair sthops forst?"

"It don't stop, it goes straight through."

"Straight through to where?"

"Albany, of course."

"Albany!" gasped Muldoon. "Sure I don't want to go to Albany."

"Then what did you get on the freight for, you ole chump?"

"Who's on a freight train?"

"You are."

"Thin where is me own cair; that's phwat I want to know?"

The other man laughed so hilariously that he woke up a cham of his on the other side.

"What yer makin' all dat cacklin' fur, Jim?" he growled.

"Here's a bloke says he owns a car of his own."

Jim saw only the funny side of the story.

He did not believe it, of course.

Bill looked at the practical side of it.

"Den he must have lots o' money," he observed.

That's the way he looked at the thing.

What must Muldoon do then, like a great gawk, but acknowledge the corn.

"Av coorse I have plinty av money," he remarked. "Phwy wouldn't I, when I own a goold mine out Wesht and run a base-ball team?"

That was the chumpiest kind of a chump remark.

Muldoon took the men for brakemen.

They were broke men instead.

In other words they were tramps.

They were stealing a ride and had so far evaded discovery.

When Muldoon said he had money they cocked up their ears.

That was a magical word to them.

Money meant beer and strong liquor to them.

They had communistic tendencies, by the way.

They believed in a division of property.

That is, other men must divide up with them.

"Just what I thought," muttered Bill. "I knowed yer was rich when I heard yer speak."

"It'll be rich for us, too, I'm thinking," chuckled Jim.

"Oh, you bet. This here is a streak o' luck."

"Cut thick an' with plenty o' fat."

"Bet yer life."

Muldoon began to take a tumble.

He was on the wrong train and these men were tramps.

That was a pretty kettle of fish.

Here they were two to one, armed doubtless, and desperate fellows to start with.

That was a nice sort of adventure to wind up his tour to Boston with.

He must dissemble, as they say in society novels.

"That wor all a shtiff I wor givin' yez about me bein' rich," he remarked.

"Oh, was it?" asked Bill, with a laugh.

"Yis, nothin' more, an' I'm only jist a thramp like yerselves—that's all."

"Who's a tramp?" demanded Bill, angrily.

"We're gentlemen of leisure traveling fur our health," explained Jim.

"Yis; I suppose the polis av Boston didn't make it very healthy for yez."

"Ain't he funny, Bill?"

"Awful. Let's see what such a funny duck looks like."

That meant trouble for Muldoon, you bet.

CHAPTER X.

MULDOON was in a box and no mistake.

He was in the same car with the two tramps and had no way to get out.

Bill had planked himself against the door and there was no getting out in the other direction.

Then Jim suddenly dove his hands into Muldoon's waistcoat pockets.

Among the things he fetched out were some matches.

One of these Jim struck on his shoe.

Then he held it up and looked at Muldoon.

"Oh, yes, you're a tramp, you are!" he laughed.

"Gold tickers and rings don't generally go with tramps, do they?" inquired Bill.

"Of course not."

"Well, they go with us this trip," chuckled Bill, who was the business man of the firm.

"This is robbery, be heavens," said Muldoon, indignantly.

"Ah, no, it ain't; we're only borrowing the things."

"We gotter go to a party when we get to Albany, yer see, and we want to use 'em."

"We furgot our own, yer see, and we gotter have some."

"H'm! ain't you a foine looking tramp?" sneered Jim, lighting a fresh match.

"Light overcoat and swaller tailed coat! Tramps wear them, don't they?"

"They will this time," observed Bill. "The governor expects me to take dinner with him when I get to Albany."

"I think yez must have mistaken yer route," said Muldoon. "It's Sing Sing yez want to go to and not Albany at all."

"Ain't he funny, Jim?"

"Awful."

"Let's see what more he's got."

"Hands off, ye vilyans!" cried Muldoon. "I'll not submit to anny man's indignities!"

He couldn't help himself very well.

Jim suddenly tripped him up.

Then Bill sat on him and held him down.

It didn't make any difference how much he yelled.

The noise of the train drowned all that.

The two tramps proceeded to business at once.

Bill got his watch and pocket book.

Jim annexed his finger rings, diamond studs and loose change.

That was not enough for the cormorants, however.

Bill yanked off his trousers, and swapped his own for them.

He also appropriated his shirt and waistcoat.

Jim helped himself to his two coats and to several cigars.

The hat was in the other car, and nobody got that.

Having dressed themselves in their borrowed finery, the two bums made Muldoon put on their togs.

"Be heavens, I'll get aven wid the suckers!" he mused.

He was wise enough not to say anything to the tramps about this, however.

Instead he began to think how he could get square on the bums. Suddenly a bright idea struck him.

"Av yez wud like another suit av clothes I'll tell yez how to get it," he remarked.

"How's that?"

"Me son is in the car next to this."

"Why didn't he come in here with you?"

"He wanted all the room there wor in there."

"Guess I'll go and see," said Bill. "You stay here and look after this Turk, Jim."

"Bet yer boots."

Then Bill went and crossed over to the next car.

Jim thought he had better stand against the door.

Muldoon had other ideas.

"Take that, yer sucker!" he suddenly remarked.

Then he hit out with his right and sent Jim sprawling.

In a jiffy he was outside and across to the other car.

Then he slammed the door and shut Bill in with the caged animals.

At this moment Jim came out of the car.

"I'll give it to you for that!" he growled.

"You'll give me nothing," answered Muldoon.

Jim thought he would, and made a rush at Muldoon.

The latter launched out with his foot, and took Jim in the stomach and doubled him up on the platform.

Bill was nearly scared to death by the roaring of the wild animals, and was even too much frightened to try and get the door open.

Muldoon was hanging onto the knob of this like a major, and it would not have been an easy job to open it.

Jim felt too sick to attempt any more funny business just then and our hero was master of the situation.

Something must be done soon, however.

Help was nearer at hand than Muldoon knew.

Suddenly there was a long blast from the engine.

Muldoon knew what that meant.

They were approaching some town on the line of the road.

"Begorry, that's a good thing," he cried, with a sigh of relief.

The train gradually slowed up and then stopped.

By this time Jim felt better and concluded to make his escape.

"Catch the sucker, he's a robber!" yelled Muldoon.

Two or three men with lanterns were coming up at that moment.

Jim was collared and then Muldoon let Bill out.

He was also nabbed.

Muldoon then explained the situation.

The two tramps tried to bluff out of it, but it was no good.

They were obliged to make a transfer of their suddenly acquired wealth.

After that they were lugged off to the police station, Muldoon promising to appear against them in the morning.

"Phwat town is this?" He asked.

"Springfield."

"In the State av Massachusetts?"

"Yes."

"Thin I'm not so far away from home as I thot. Has the express train from Boston gon' by yet?"

"Went through half an hour before you got here."

"Wor the private car 'Champion' an it?"

"Yes."

"Faix, thin I'll have to wait for the next train. Whin do it go?"

"In a couple of hours."

"Is it fast?"

"No, accomodation."

"Well, I can't help that. I've cot the robbers annyhow, and av I don't appear agen thim they'll be sent up for vagrants in anny evints."

"They ought to get ten years."

"So they ought, but we'll let thim off this toime. It's a cold day whin I get left, and I bet thim at their own game."

Then Muldoon went to the waiting-room, where he intended to pass the time until his train came along.

"It's very strange that Roger didn't get on the same thrain I did," he mused. "I wondher av he met wid anny accident?"

Gradually the truth dawned upon him.

"Accident, is it? No, begob, he's not the bye to meet wid anny accident. It's always me that meets wid thim.

"I'll bet a new hat, and I need wan badly, that the young vilan pit me on that freight thrain be desoign, and that there wor no accident at all about it.

"A foine story he'll tell his mother, I suppose, av he tells her anny thing. I wudn't be surprised av he towld her I had run away wid some good-looking girrul, and gon' abroad.

"Be heavens, it's a great pity that the bye is too big to be whipped for all his skylarking, but I don't think twinty shtrappings a day wud do him anny good.

"Phwat's the use av me sayin' annything about it et all? He'll only say it wor a mistake, and that I ought to have known where me own cair wos.

"Oh, he's as cunnin' as a fox, that bye is, and av I shtopped here to raymimber all his thricks, I'd have to shtay a month."

Waiting for a train is tedious work at the best of times.

Take it at night, however, when you're tired out, and there's nothing to do, it's just awful.

That's how Muldoon found it when he had sat there half an hour.

He had nothing to read, there was no one to speak to, the lunch counter was closed, and it was stupid enough.

An hour passed and he began to yawn prodigiously.

"Faix, I wish th' ould thrain wud come along av it's iver coming," he growled.

More yawns followed, and presently Muldoon got so drowsy that he could hardly keep his eyes open.

Pretty soon he could not, and his head dropped upon his shirt front.

In ten seconds he was fast asleep.

After that if a train had smashed right through the waiting-room he would not have minded it.

He was dead tired out, and he slept without even snoring.

His train came in at last, but he never heard it.

It went out again and there was a great shouting, but he did not hear that either.

An hour later another train passed through.

He took no more notice of that than he had of the first.

In fact it was not until broad daylight, and the hustle and bustle of the day was well under way, that he awoke.

He rubbed his eyes, looked around him, failed to locate himself, and stared vacantly at nothing in particular.

"That fellow has been making a night of it," remarked one man to a friend. "Doesn't a dress suit look rocky by daylight?"

"Guess he must have had a gay old time by the looks of him," laughed the other.

Muldoon braced up, arose, looked at himself in a mirror, and muttered:

"Thim fellers think I have a jag on me, but they're mistaken. Oh, murder! me train! Sure, it must have gon' long ago."

It had, sure enough, and there wasn't another through express for two hours.

Muldoon presently ascertained this and remarked to himself:

"Av the byes go to Philadelphia to-day, they'll go widout me, I'm thinkin'. Faix, I'll have to telegraph and let thim know where I am. There's no hurry anyhow, for we have no game on the books, and I may as well take me comfort."

CHAPTER XI.

AFTER telegraphing his whereabouts to Roger, at that young gentleman's expense, Muldoon proceeded to take his comfort.

First he had a wash up and a breakfast and then he bought him a suit of clothes to wear until he reached home.

Putting his swell togs in a gripsack and leaving the same in charge of the clerk at the Massasoit House, he started out to take in the town for an hour or so.

As he was walking along Main street, and there is one in every small city, a young man came suddenly up, seized his hand, and said:

"Why, hallo, Mr. Maguire, how are you? When did you leave Pittsburg? How are all the folks?"

"Bunco, begob," thought Muldoon. "I wondher av I look as green as that?"

The young fellow continued to shake Muldoon's hand until the latter said:

"Excuse me, me friend, but me name is not Maguire, and I don't come from Pittsburg."

"Why, that's curious," said the other. "You look exactly like my friend Maguire."

"Well, that's me misforchin, not be fault. Me name is not Maguire, it's Mulrooney, and I come from Toledo."

"Excuse my mistake; sorry to have troubled you, Mr. Mulrooney."

"Don't mention it."

Then the young man hurried away.

Muldoon chuckled.

"Troth, I niver thot a bunco man wud iver throuble me, and laste av all a counthry wan. He must be new at the business."

Presently up came an older-looking man, who paused in front of Muldoon, gazed at him earnestly, and said:

"Why, Mr. Mulrooney, how do you do? I am very glad to see you. How did you leave all our friends in Toledo?"

"This is the confederate, I suppose," thought Muldoon. "I'll roast him."

Grabbing hold of the other's hand, he gave it an awful squeeze, and said:

"Begob, Murphy, ould mon, I'm glad to see yez. How long have yez been out av jail? Did yez get annything for good behavior? Sure, I'm delighted to see yez. How's the gang?"

At every question Muldoon gave his victim another squeeze.

His hand was big and hard and tough, and he could squeeze water out of a rock.

He accompanied the squeezing by a pump-handle shake that nearly dislocated the bunco man's arm.

He thought he had struck a threshing-machine in full operation.

He winced and groaned and tried to get away.

Muldoon held on, however.

He knew when he had a good thing.

"Troth, I'm powerful glad to see yez, Murphy."

Another squeeze.

"Yez look betther than win they gave yez two yeers in the pin."

An up and down shake.

"How's yer brother that got sint up for horse stealing?"

Much wincing on the part of the victim.

"Is your sister Julia out av jail yet? I remimber she got t'ree years for shop-lifting."

More squeezing and shouting.

Mr. Bunco thought he had struck a tough case.

He tried to get his hand out of Muldoon's, but he did not succeed.

Muldoon had not finished with him yet.

"Faith, Murphy, ye're luckin' foine, as foine as silk, begob!"

With that he gave the fellow's hand another awful squeeze.

The man nearly fainted, grabbed hold of Muldoon and gasped:

"Hold on—hold on! Don't be so glad to see me."

"Oh, but I am!"

With that Muldoon nearly yanked him off his feet, he shook so hard.

"Be heavens, Murphy, yez must be doing well. Have yez opened a gambling-house?"

"My name isn't Murphy," growled the man. "Leave go my hand!"

"Nayther is me name Mulrooney," said Muldoon, "and I don't come from Toledo. Get an out av this, ye counthry skin, or I'll hand yez over to the polis. I've already had two av yer associates arrested the day."

Then he let go of the fellow's hand.

It looked like a cross between a piece of raw beef and a limp dish-rag.

The skin would not want to use it for some time.

"Good heavens, man," he said, pulling his fingers apart, "where did you get such a grip?"

"Playing base-ball and slugging out suckers like ye. Go an—get out av this, or I'll have yez run in!"

"Who in thunder are you anyhow?" asked the man.

"Muldoon, the solid man. This time I'm giving yez the straight

tip, but av yez sind anny av yer confiderates to work anny invillup game or anny other skin business an me, I'll murdher um."

"Where do you live when you're at home, Mr. Muldoon?" asked the other, still trying to straighten out his fingers.

"New York."

"Oh!" was the comprehensive reply.

"Tell me," said Muldoon, "are yez new to the profession?"

"I've been at it twenty years."

"Thin how in blazes did yez mistake an ould thraveler like me for a flat?"

"Well, why don't you take the tags off of your ready-made clothes?"

The joke was on Muldoon now.

He squinted around at the back of his neck, and then gazed down at his suspender buttons.

Sure enough, the bunco man was right.

The price marks were still on his clothes.

No wonder that he had been taken for a jay.

The bunco man was excusable after all.

Muldoon saw the joke and said:

"I owe ye wan on that, or maybe we're aven."

"Think we are," returned the other.

His fingers were just beginning to separate.

"Well, it sarves me right for buying counthry clothes," laughed Muldoon.

Just then a third party came up.

He was one of the gang.

Muldoon twigged him at once.

The middle aged party was anxious to get square on some one.

The third man gave him a chance.

"Hallo, Williams," he said. "You promised to settle for that bill of goods to-day."

He thought that Muldoon was just ready to be fleeced.

"So I will," said Williams. "Mr. Gimblett, let me introduce you to Mr. Muldoon."

"Glad to see you, Gimblett, ye ould bore," said Muldoon. "Shake."

Then he did the shaking.

Gimblett thought that a jack screw had got hold of him.

He danced and yelled and howled.

Muldoon got in his finest work.

He gave Gimblett the worst razzle dazzle he had ever had.

"Glad to see yez, Gimblett. Shake again."

He nearly shook the man's arm out.

Williams stood back and howled.

It did him good to see another get the same kind of dose he had got.

Muldoon seemed to enjoy it himself.

"Take me for a counthry guy, do yez?" he laughed. "Shake agin, me bye."

Gimblett had had enough to last him for six months.

He tried to get away, but Muldoon held on.

Finally he yanked the fellow clear off his feet, and chucked him in the gutter.

"There ye are, Gimblett. I hope yez won't get rusty. Ta, ta, me frinds, and the next time yez tackle a mon, be sure and foind out forst that he doesn't come from New York."

Then the solid man hurried away, collared his grip, and was just in time to catch his train.

He arrived in New York that afternoon, and went home at once.

"Where wor ye, Terry?" asked his wife.

Roger was present, and so Muldoon gave nothing away.

"I wor detained on some private business," he said. "I'm thinking av sending Roger to Europe."

"Don't, pop," said the young rascal.

"He'll not go unless I go wid um," said Mrs. Muldoon, "and besides, we can't go now. It's right in the base ball season."

"Oho, yez are getting interested, are yez?" chuckled Muldoon.

"Yis, and I want to see yez take the pinnant."

"Thin ye shall, be heavens, for there are no flies an MULDOON'S BASE BALL CLUB."

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